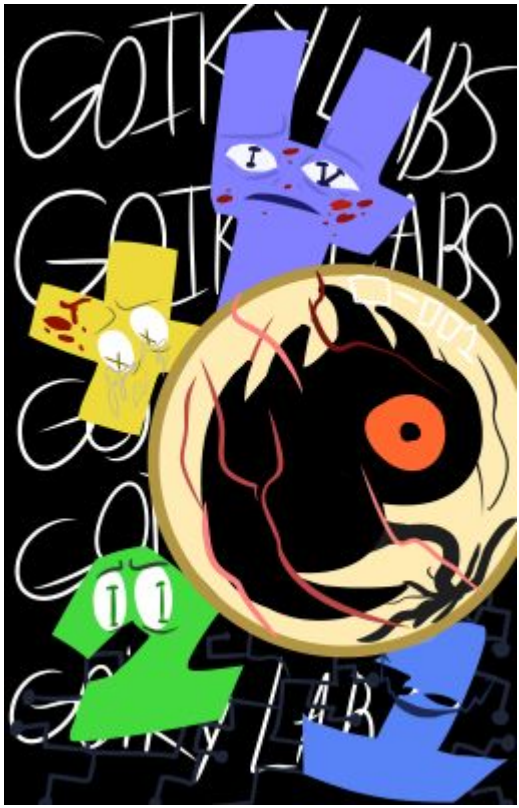

GOTK LABS
GOTK LABS
GOTK LABS

Ark

(TW: Descriptions of gore and death, Psychological distress. Sad family drama or something idek numbers)
What did you do.

Look at what you did, my son. My boy. my baby boy.

What did you do.

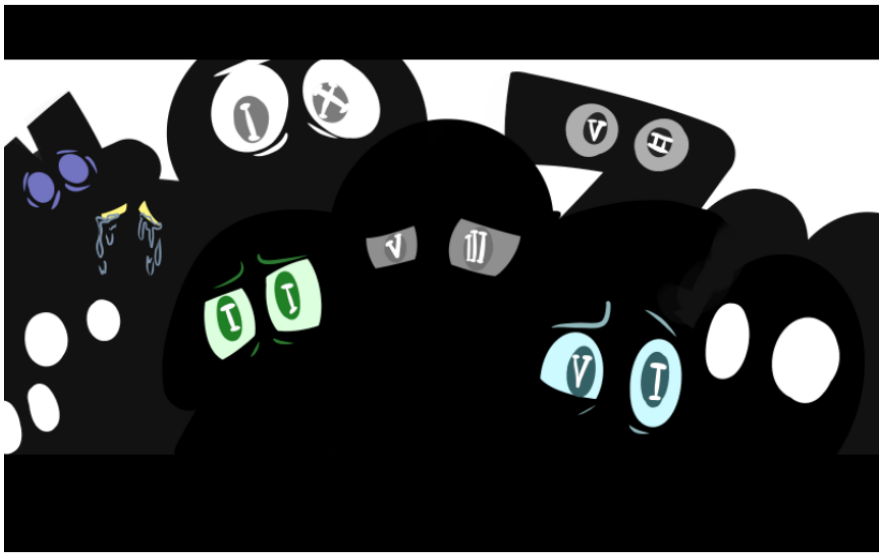
My big brother, why.

What

did

you

do.



"My fucking gods, what did you do to these poor beings?" A voice rich in cyan spoke out. They spoke so shocked. So very shocked. They had seen objects as natural beasts in this resilient planet, so strange, their existences so meek to algebraliens. And yet here the cyan integer stares with their own eyes.

The horrors.

The misery in those innocent eyes.

The scars that mottled their skin.

How they curled up so tightly in their stasis tanks, as if they were begging for themselves to one day awake in the cradle of their mother.

None of these vitro-grown objects had mothers, fathers, parents.

No ability to choose their names.

Six realized that his one friend Four- the one he thought was handling the "**Project DreaMMMaker??**" experiment shit. You know, the stupid speaker boxes gave up to him. gave up to them. Those guys just sold that shit right to them, they were so far up their capitalist asses that they sold the entire lab to them.

They were told Four and X would handle it. They said that they'd help give the objects a new life, a new beginning.

Nope. No. they didn't.

They fucked it up.

-

"Four....X....why...j-just....why?" The voice tasting deeply of grey spoke low, and deep, melancholic and full of guilt.

He trusted his eldest son to handle this, with his little friend *(or what was he? eeehh close friend? he didn't know)* to handle it all. He bickered with little sibling Two. Brother Four needed to understand not to fight. I trusted that both him and them will handle this just fine. Two will handle another division- plan things out first. Four should be fine. right?

Right?

He wasn't.

I saw them.

He saw those goddamn pictures- the evidence of the murders. The cruelty.

Oh the cruelty he saw.

he saw

_____-----{Skulls cracked open like porcelain. Pieces scattered, like puzzle pieces.}

{Thick oozing blood, black and red.}
****

{Bodies clawed apart, the skin parted, like canyons. the bloody fat puffed out, like cotton in a pillow.}
##########

{Head cracked in half. Pool of blood. Brain oozes out like a yolk in egg.}= = = = = = = = = = = = = = = = = =-
= = = =00000{Missing limbs. Forced genetic regeneration. Extreme stress. Tonic Choleric Response}[[[[

{{Epidemic of P.R.B seen in resurrected individuals. Phantom limb syndrome. Bleeding at terminal points. Sudden limb loss. Previous dead bod----------}}}

No.

He couldn't have...

no.

Eight made it clear to him, to his son. he could rely *him,* he was his mother. He could help anything that was happening in the lab. He could have called his father too.

Oh gods.

What would your father think of this.

A voice that tasted like a sweet and herbal green spoke. There was a bitter tint though. Very bitter now.

"Four.....Four....what did you DO?"

a sickly sweet taste of blue spoke.

"Two?!?! I- Two- I *own* this lab now-"

"FOUR YOU NEVER OWNED THIS GODDAMN LAB. IT WAS STILL BEING OWNED BY THE SPEAKER BOXES WHEN YOU WERE DOING THIS SHIT. YOU COULD HAVE BEEN ARRESTED, TORTURED. YOU COULD HAVE HAD ALL YOUR *NUBSPRITES* PLUCKED OUT OF YOUR BODY."

So bitter the voice was, medicinal taste, yet so full of salty sadness.

"Two....Two....sib- ma- please... You know how *weak* and *fatally cheap* those speakers have become. I knew they'd eventually give up on the project- they were probably about to sell the entire damn lab!"

"Well guess what."

"Ah?"

"We bought the lab. All of it."

"Out of my~ pocket!" A tropical tinge interjected. They were shut up

quickly.

"Well simply put it! WE ALL OWN THIS LAB NOW. No more speaker boxes. No more forcing the objects to build more speakers- no more of this- project after project that just makes SUFFER- And YOU are not lead scientist anymore."

"....WHAT?!"

"THIS IS- THIS IS MY FUCKING LAB, I WAS GIVEN THIS LAB!! MA LET ME HAVE THIS LAB. ME."

"AND LOOK AT WHAT YOU DID. WHAT YOU FUCKING BECAME FOUR. YOU THINK MOTHER IS HAPPY!? YOU THINK HE'S HAPPY ABOUT WHAT YOU'VE DONE?!?! WHAT YOU DID TO X?!?!

that faint, sweet tinge of yellow made itself known.

but nothing more than that.

.....

Like a cinderblock gritted through teeth. A yelling suddenly exploding in the room. The deepened growl shut the numbers up.

"ENOUGH."

.....

...

"Two, you are now lead doctor, fix these objects. heal them."

"Four, you are demoted. You aren't doing any scientist work. None. none of it."

"X..... You're demoted too, I'm sorry."

"Two, take some Zero drones, take the others you trust, go to the labs and get working, now."

"You two..... I'll think about what I'll do to you."

"I'm also calling your dad."

"ma.....please..."

"Four, enough."

"Please."

There we go....Goiky Labs. It was number territory now. The greed of the Speaker Boxes was too much. it led them to failing, over and over. Trying to make objectkind build themselves to their salvation. They failed. They were just too full of greed. Too deeply entranced in the silver disks, the green bills. The gold nuggets.

The algebraliens are here to help. They are beyond their days of barbaric sport games. The great Mind-scaping allowed all algebraliens intense knowledge, an advent into science. I deep love and obsession for the labs, the wards. the white wards.

The objects were miracles. They were brilliant people. They were savage beasts in the dark of night, they were great scholars in the glowing sunlight.

Their kind could happily consume the most abhorrent diets known to life. They'd eat garbage and gasoline and glue and asbestos, shards of glass and mottled rotten flesh. They'd eat it and they'd love it.

Their biodiverse gene pool was vast, near endless. The more and more an object was birthed into existence, the more likely that one

baby would be born with the ability to break all laws of physics and destroy everything the universe stood for.

They were everything.

Goiky Labs is the only that could successfully clone and sequence an object's genome. The only one that was able to allow free creation of a cloned object, without the need of any mother or father, no parents.

The Subjects that succeeded, they must live on. Some in the freezer should be restored. The other tublings will be elaborated on. The....others....

They will be melted.

Will those you remain, handle the wards? The white wards?

I think think they have. They clearly didn't.

We need to fix this place.

"I hate these devices...they take away all our damn powers!"

"Nine, we need to use them. I'm sorry."

"But what about the freaky ass objects??? You know THEY have insane abilities! You saw that footage??"

"Nine, please. it's ok. We just...this is policy. We can't godmode."

"Eh? this isn't a game!"

"It isn't. but rules apply, ok? Don't play god."

000000000000000000000000{{Hello....?}}
0000000000000000000000000000

00000000000{{Do you.....remember when.....you were born...?}}
000000000000000

000000000000000000{{I do...all the time...eheh."}}
000000000000000000

0000000000000000{{I wish I...had a mom.}}}
00000000000000000000000

0000000000000000{{ I really do.}}00000000000000000000000

000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

0000000000000000{{I'm so sorry.}}
00000000000000000000000000000000000000

-Jelly

Zer0 Logs: Introduction 1.0

(Note: The Goiky Labs AU depictions of the Algebraliens are borderline OCs personality and relationship wise. All are ultimately genderless and sexless. Gendered language is thrown around by some out of societal compulsion, some however will alternate language without any care for the concept. Some do have specified preferences, others will treat gender like wet toilet paper. In short- they are above gender.)

Zer0 Logs!

Whoever gets to read this log...whatever you are...wherever you are...

Hello hello!

I'm *one* of the great Zero drones- we're the custodians of the number hives! long long LOOONG time ago when we were more *wild* that is... Now a days, we're all about science and inventing... All that cool stuff! All that *MATH* really expanded our brains! Or uh..well- whatever you'd call our neural cells. Or uh...blood, or uh-

Anyways, picture of some of us!

We don't need categories, files, or anything! I am not in this pic though- I still have to pick a role!

Anyways.

I suppose you all wanna know what's up in this dingy old lab! No? well, This is Goiky Labs! Located in some place I can't specify. One of the very few homeworlds populated almost entirely by objects! Its to the point where they're actually fully sapient- just like us!

Objects, scientifically labeled *Paraphernalia Abnormalia.*

They are a proud and incredible species. In the wild they'd live in enormous colonies. They had the dietary capability to survive off either the smallest crumbs of food or the most atrocious filth imaginable. They were competitive amongst each other- to a brutal extent even. Yet they are deeply familial and protective of their young. All this and a little bit of recovery sprinkled in- and you had a species with almost *endless* genetic diversity. It probably helped a lot that this planet is almost 40% made up of little separate islands, and objects can migrate across pretty much any terrain.

Us numbers, or scientifically *Algebralien Sapiens,* had intense trouble trying to map their true genome, we had to import them from other planets or capture ones in the wild, which majority of us were highly against due to severe cruelty laws. (It wasn't against the law to test on Gn'eerps, Zzt-Zarmps or Shlumbos but *eh,* those things are like, literally amoebas.)

It was until the Speaker Boxes or *Sonus Influentia* started to have a bit of a crisis with their populations that they managed to pull enough resources into finally mapping the ***ENTIRE*** object genome! Goiky Labs is the one and only lab on this one little planet that can successfully produce artificial objects.

For a long time the speakers owned this lab- they did a lot of great things with the objects! But then things just kept sort of...going. So Eight and Ten sent Four and his "*buddy"* X to not only check out what was wrong- but also pick up on that huge scary project they were so hyped over! Whatever it was it HAD to be cool! And we put all our trust in Four and X to deal with it!

Oh! that was a time...but now things have..changed. Management has changed in this lab. Well- more like things got totally fucked up.

Well! hehe... for starters uhhh: Turns out the speakers' little population crisis happened because some objects were becoming resistant to their soundwaves! Why? Because their genes *somehow* began to evolve simultaneously. The signals made objects (and other less complicated beings) build new bodies for the sound-based beings, and now they just weren't doing that anymore since the evolution. The speakers thought this was a genetic failure or disease that had to be dealt with as quickly and cheaply as possible; after all, objects made up the vast majority of their box-building hosts.

Well we found out that the *clones* were rapidly evolving this trait because the speakers were treating them all like ***S H I T.*** Every speaker kept going all *"budget cuts budget cuts budget cuts"* on every little need, every little trait of food, every piece of tech, I think they cut off their **immune systems** at one point to save a buck! And well? The speakers had NO reason to do this. They had become so consumed with such a deep capitalist rot, that their *own existence in this reality* eventually became a *financial burden* in their very own eyes. The creatures that they relied on to give them new bodies were being treated lesser than you could do to any living thing.

It was no longer science, it was a corrupt business. As far as I know, they sold the labs to us, the exact team of speakers that worked there just kinda vanished, and all of them are gone and off to other places. We haven't heard from their home planet actually and they have *completely* cut off any and all communication with us (In all honesty, I think they sold everything there too, and the home world, and the-...nevermind.), *Our* homworld is pretty confused where the hell they went- last we heard is that they flew off in their cheap little saucers to somewhere else- but that was it.

Then we learned about Four.

He was truly great, he had PHD's and he had the capability to run labs, yes.

But he told us he finally aced his object-empathy test and understood their psychology- he lied.

He did manage to point out a red flag in the speakers' past management (severe corner cutting on tech and life sustaining materials) before we looked in ourselves. He said he'd fix them with his own earnings, he didn't.

Guy couldn't understand objects at all, he couldn't understand they were *not* animals- they were like us, they felt pain, they cried and they screamed when they shed blood and broke their bones. He didn't try to listen to them because his emotions got in the way of everything. He kept the lab a wreck to spite them.

He didn't even care about finishing the project the speakers left behind, he already knew how hollow they were and the project was abandoned the moment he stepped in, but he kept the façade up to the objects to make them at least listen to him. Didn't work either.

We were severely disappointed in him, greatly. We also were severely disappointed in X for not doing enough to help the poor beings from their endless torment. We were convinced that the collective-gene pool of the lab objects would soon bare it's teeth against algebraliens thanks to Four, thankfully that is not the case, but that is a miracle really.

Nobody really wanted to develop *allergies* to objects or anything. Or get bitten on sight, y'know?

I mean...bite Four. Not us.

Oh.

Us!

We are a small hive (or squad) of numbers, and we own this lab now! Thank Nine for that, she was a huge help and all- thank him for the better tech and food!

Uhhh anyways, logs of the currently registered staff at this very moment! More will be shown in later logs when they are ready to appear, or have given permission to letting me actually snap photos of them.

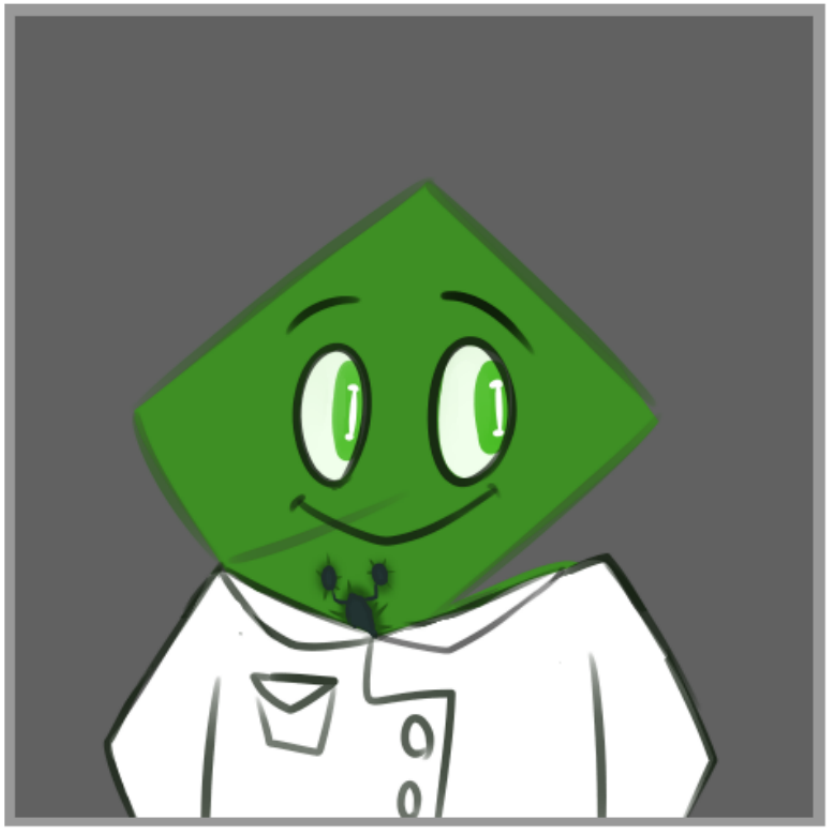
-

{Disqualified}

-

Dr. Two. They/them

Current Head Doctor.



Higher grades than their brother, higher scale on the empathy test, generally better attitude towards objects, and very funny to listen to! Dr. Two has proven themselves worthy of leading this lab back into full stability. Previous work in other sectors using lab objects has shown high potential in FULLY reaching their potential with the advent of lab-grown objects!

Dr. Two does not hold much resent towards Four for previous

incidents unveiled before Goiky Labs was sold. Being family and all I can see why. I honestly forgot who was the little sibling or the big sibling, but either way Two looks up to Four greatly! They are trying their best to emulate the greatness of their parents and their brother's true potential.

The current project Dr. Two has decided on is a currently untitled project to restore the lab's main test subjects' genetic code; Due to severe budget cutting from the speakers, a specific number of subjects are suffering from unnatural genetic diseases, these genetic diseases continue on in the individual object regardless of deaths. Dr. Two is working to heal the genetic corruption as best as they can.

In meantime, they and the rest of the staff must adhere to mandatory tasks given by □□□□□□ □□□□ □□□.

-

{Incarcerated}

-

Four, he/they

Canteen Worker, Demoted from Head Doctor.

Oh boy, that guy! Well, in truth, Four was all in all a great person to all of us. He could be irritable as hell, but they generally were loving and cared a lot about family and especially their little friendy-friend X. They definitely didn't know how to respond to other organisms like animals or objects, but we were sure they were learning to be calm in these situations.

We were thoroughly shocked to see how they behaved when their

hive wasn't watching. They had horribly abused practically every test object in the labs, some have been left with very permanent psychological damage as a result of his negligence and outbursts. Many were maimed and brutalized in ways that cannot be logged here. Motivations for most incidences were completely null. Many test objects despise him and want nothing to do with him from here on out, thus it was decided unanimously by the hive that he be demoted, for himself and the test objects.

He was averse to being designated in the canteen, he accused us of forcing him to "flip burgers" instead of using his PHD. Eventually he has calmed down under Dr. Eight's watch and seems to be improving mentally as well as behaviorally. We sincerely hope he is going to be ok now and that the subjects can one day heal from him.

We are still hearing reports that he keeps blowing up Gn'eerps in the green house, however, that will be looked upon.

-

{Currently Unregistered}

-

Dr. Six, he/she/they

General Doctor, Investigative Data Logger.

Ah! We really needed this guy whether he liked it or not- he's one of the best in the data division! Six is someone who always kept it safe on homeworld- he stuck with math most of all and ended up learning a fuckton about coding, way more than any of us really! It is in our blood to understand pure intellect- but ever since the whole science revolution we do need more like Six.. They aren't too fond of blood or melting objects into primordium cell fluid.. I can't blame him and all

but he really does need to work with us here!

We assigned Six to catalog missing data in the lab's supercomputers. He is also responsible for restoring corrupted or heavily redacted information from the past agency. We genuinely want to know what is being hidden in this lab- the corrupted stuff is obviously from damage to this lab, but the redacted stuff is...well- we don't know what it is, but it definitely is being hidden by the speakers for a reason- and since they ditched us we are honestly free to unpack this!

Most likely going to be some pretty gross gorey shit though.. Six ain't going to appreciate that, but he is at least contributing to the hive! He will also have to see *where* the Speakers went, that too is kind of a mystery actually, but he should be able to handle that just fine.

-

{Currently Unregistered}

-

Dr. Eight, he/they

Outer-species psychologist, Number-Squad Authorizer

Ah him! Dr. Eight is pretty old compared to us, he is one of the trusted leaders of our entire hive! We can rely on him to make calm decisions and de-escalate everything that goes awry, Four listens to him **ALL** the time, I mean- he's by technical terms their mother! That *is* pretty rare to pull off amongst us numbers; to make it easy on you beings, numbers can naturally spawn via *blastogenesis,* it's hard to do because the reagent needed for that (Divisor Chemical) is *very* toxic-

and the entire process of growing a buddling borders into *metastatic cancer* levels of dangerous. Eight is very strong for going through this and is rewarded by his efforts with blood children he loves dearly. He may not show it much but he is one hell of a family guy. Socially he is quiet as fuck though... I understand people think he's just plain weird, but he really has a huge heart- trust me.

Dr. Eight is however incredibly skilled in his field. He understands what happens in the minds of all intelligent beings and is capable of pinpointing any issue that needs to be treated or at least given attention to. He knows how objects truly are as intelligent beings and is always sure to remind his more ignorant colleagues of how to respect them. He has done his best to raise Four and Two with this skill, though results have varied greatly- he is now able to stand in and help in reducing stress and mental-contamination within the test subjects to the best of his ability.

As his decision, the "corruption-cleanser" reagent chemical has been retired in favor of more effective medical and interactable treatments for stressed or psychologically damaged clones. He has pointed out that the cleansers have been proven to cause genetic damage- so we agreed on this ultimately for the sake of the gene-healer project.

-

"Dr." Nine, Any Pronouns

Financial Research Manager, Assistant Nurse

I *would* rip into this guy, but we have him to thank for even obtaining this lab to begin with actually! Algebraliens in general almost never used currency- much like gender, that concept was beneath us and we had better things to worry about. We did however have to deal with such trade when working with the Speaker Boxes; their planet was run on money and they wouldn't work with anyone who didn't follow their principles, so we did our best to comply and bought

plenty of things from them- cloned subjects, products, medicines, food, tech, research, you name it.

Nine is a number who has managed to figure her way out into getting the adequate pay she actually deserved, and as the Speakers became more and more hellbent on cutting corners- she was able to get through their bullshittery to earn enough money to buy us the things we genuinely needed. Eventually she had raked enough money to buy the entirely of Goiky Labs for our squad, and she still has enough to buy us whatever else we need in the far future. I honestly don't *really* know what she did *exactly* to earn all that money- rumors say she scammed them- but im sure he's above that hehehe...

Though! aside from finances, Nine is generally considered fun to be around for the subjects! he can help out with moral a lot, even when their humor really doesn't land at all... like...really doesn't at all. Don't let him near computers. Don't.

And can anyone ***please*** ban them from using that skateboard? Or uh- enforce the white lab coat dresscoat??

-

{Unavailable}

-

-

-

-

-

General Fifteen, She/They

Leader of Security Division, Breach Manager, Designated Terminator.

Ahahahaah, oh her...She's so friggin cool. Like. so damn **COOL.**

I know it looks odd- she is clearly not a doctor, and she really isn't- that isn't her field. She's a mercenary, a *Numerical Agent.* The kind of agents that specialize in hardcore killing- the ones that actually listen to moral codes and don't let power get to their heads, that absolutely ensure innocent lives are kept as far away from the assignment as possible- because they are trained a *very* specific way.

Fifteen has helped get rid of countless awful beings across the universe- she has helped put down numerous beings that had been dealt the worst kind of purgatory one can think of. She is capable of killing things in a way that which they will never even realize they were dead to begin with. She has dealt with many lab breaches and has stopped some very deadly situations in the case of mutations, containments and recapturing- because of this she is being assigned as the primary Security Guard of our lab team.

In the case of well.. terminating test subjects that will need it, Fifteen will mostly be the one to handle the terminations. She knows how to properly euthanize objects without bringing them any suffering and in the case of previous termination methods that the ones here have dealt with- they will definitely benefit from her mercy. She will most likely scare them upon viewing her and in truth she can be quite angry at other numbers- but upon being given the info on the lab work we have to do- she has shown great sympathy for the simple beings and wants to be the one to handle them in cases of extreme situations.

I think I know who I wanna work for...

-

X, He/They

Canteen Worker, Former Assistant Doctor.

I nearly forgot about this guy- I mean he's barely done much for us at all- he kind of just works with Four and all. Total trainwreck of a person- he really is trying to be nice and all but he constantly does shit that doesn't help himself or anyone really! Couldn't even use his equational abilities for shit!

I mean he's...*smart* and all, he is by all means an important variant of algebralien that allows us all to perform multiplications- fusions

between each other that allow us to be stronger in the absence of individual higher digits. *Variables* like him are excruciatingly rare in our homeworld, the ones that exist are deeply valued by us all- their blood is a panacea to all of our ailments and our woes- they could heal when most of us learned to create and destroy- and don't get me started on whatever the **FUCK** happened to the Division variable! He knew how important he was to us and how lucky we are to have him, he helped, he did. But he didn't really pitch in as much as he should- he really just stood around Four and kind of just cried to himself when dealing with things. He always ran off.

Even if he didn't do anything to hurt the subjects, he did almost nothing to save them from Four's wrath, thus he has to be demoted, he has to learn that doing nothing is just as much as doing something in this situation.

Also... does he know that *we know* him and Four are a gay couple? Like seriously ***WE KNOW.***

-

Well that is the staff so far! I'm sure we can figure out something to help the others- my next logs should be able to encapsulate the current status of all the subjects we have here- that will mainly deal with any active ones that we generated or restored- the melted ones are well- melted. Any weird terms that we use in the labs and any rules we are forced to follow will also be explained in case of anything too! Eventually!

Oh and uh- if you question the gross metal thing on our chests- that's the supressant-chips- we have to wear them to keep our powers sealed. Homeworld requires us to wear these on off-planet lab work as to avoid horrifying the populace- understandable given we are kinda akin to *gods* to them. Their brains would explode. The chips do whitelist some of our abilities- our healing factor for example is completely fine- we will...need that with some subjects actually.

But yeah! See you in future Logs!

*-**Zer01***

I am {Not} Awake

The tube room bubbled with life, the liquid vats were all full. Different colored liquids managed the health of different test subjects. The cloned objects themselves, the prisoners of Goiky Labs. Veterans curled up in their chrysalis of gel, wishing to never awake to another nightmare. The ones that came afterwards were just scared, they wanted to curl up and stay inside, fearing for the next experiment. The ones that they had yet to meet only curled up silently. The lull of the droning tubes and the warmth of the life-sustaining cocktail fluid was of pure comfort, solace, the only womb they'd know.

A hard reset like this was cathartic for all of them, really. The whole lab gets cleaned the fuck up, the subjects are all killed and get to either undergo stasis in their tubes for years on end, or they could be lucky and be melted away, into the empty bliss of unity, broken down into a genetic sludge that felt no pain, no misery, just nirvana.

And the sludged ones get the biggest role for the lab, the numbers would make sure of that, that is what they said when they clean, then the red number fellow walked in and proceeded to gun them all down.

That was better than these bulky metal collars, but I heard they're changing it to be comfortable....it won't have spikes anymore, yes. Please.

.....

-

[Weeks later]

-

Tssskkk pop

A tube or two began to open one by one. They had been upgraded to have the opening and reopening process to be much more quick and clean. Nine bought the best tech that the lab really really needed, and they had the alien tech to get it all in and working! Tubes were pretty much more bio-organic than they were before, it let them recover and gene-edit subjects too. This would be necessary for the healing project.

The ones that came out were shaky, the liquid gel that sustained them evaporated into mist within the air. One object blinked awake.

"I...what?" The book looked around, seeing she wasn't in a mess, and she realized she didn't have her..collar?

Where was it. Oh god, she'd be dead if she-
Wait.
The tubes put those collars in- and it didn't?? That meant.

.....
Book smelled the air, there were.... new smells.

New...

A instinct within Book suddenly jolted into her brain like a bolt of lightning, and feeling her smoothened neck, she suddenly got up without a haze, her pupils suddenly dilated very heavily, deep like voids.

"I need to feed."

"I need to nest."

"I need to find my daughter."

"I must tend to her."

In a brisk speed, Book suddenly darted out of the test tube room, right out the exist. The new scents awoke something in her that was stolen from her and her fellow subjects.

Wilderness.

Zeros were busy trying to manage parts of the lab, they were all over the place and walking through halls, but they saw Book darting through the spaces and going out to in brisk motions that *none* of these numbers had *ever* seen in an object.

The way she walked....ran...crawled...? How did she.

How did she run that fast on two legs. How did she do that with her horrible posture. How were her arms twisting like that- where those *feelers* or were those-

SLAM

Oh. She locked herself in a restructured room.

Do we....get rid of her? Do we uhh....

uhh...

DR. TWO????

-

Book's heartbeat was as quick as was her breathing. She looked around this room. It was an assault of new things being bashed into her skull like the hammers they used to bash her brains in.

But yet she wasn't hurt from all this..she was fascinated. In awe.

Smell of wood, of fibers and nature and plants and water and dirty and-

This was some lab room for sure..but it was half storage space, half plant storage.

Book rushed to the plant side of the room, she sniffled at the plants, they looked like her colleagues... yes.. they looked healthier though, softer, they looked more cute and pretty and-

Oh.

She forgot she was hungry.

She didn't have to hesitate at all, she quickly scooped up a pot of these soft shrubs, and she began to greedily devour the green flora. The sweet dew within the flesh was a shock to her tastebuds- she had never been able to taste something like this- something that was actually *natural* compared to the cubes of shit they gave them all.

She made quick work of the shrub itself, she took her time eating the wooden twigs around its trunk. She began to eat the trunk itself and use her teeth to their full function. She drank the dew and she chewed the bark and she sucked out the pulp and she scooped up the dirt and inhaled it. She appreciated how soft the loamy material was and the grit soothed her nerves. She sank her fangs into the clay pot and snapped off hefty chunks to crunch it down. She ate and ate and ate.

She left absolutely no crumbs of dirt after that, nothing left of the potted plant, and she was not even full at that point.

....

Another scent from the wooden shelves.

She rushed over to it and opened it up.

Oh.

More food! It was full of so many new foods. New things she'd never seen, she doesn't even know what they're called- what each was or if they even had proper names. She just quickly gorged herself on the variations of plant matter and fruits and veggies and bread and all. She loved the flavors and she loved this all. she loved these numbers and she loved her life. she loved her daughter, her wife, her-

...wait....since when did she have a wife?

..."I....uh...I..."

Book looked down, and she quickly scooped up the foods that remained, every piece was not spared, and she held them all as tight to her body as she could, she rushed to a table full of soft towels and used her jaws to pick up a few in a swoop, she quickly rushed to the emptiest room she could find.

.....

.....

"Mhrr.....uhhmmggm...." Ice Cube curled up in a makeshift nest, she had been restored and taken out of her tube too, but she had not even gotten up by there.

Yet she blinked awake, and she looked around, noticing that she had no collar, and she had no pain or anything. And she was on this nest of towels and whatever?

"Wha- what- where am I...??" Icy looked around, totally confused and rather terrified, but she saw Book at the other corner, building some more nest-like structures from the fabrics and fibers that she had seemingly found. there was a pile of colorful things on it...which Icy smelled.

"Shh shh- Icy it's ok...I'm here...I promise..." Book looked up, holding some fruits and mushrooms in her claws, Ice Cube on the other hand could only remember how much Book had just grown to be such a miserable cunt of a woman during their alliance debacle. That rotten alliance ruined lives and friendships. And it most definitely ruined this family.

"..Book..don't get-" Ice Cube frilled as Book crawled over, and she was fixing to bite the bigger object right in her face if she made one wrong move. But... soon enough, Book presented the food to Ice Cube..

"...Ah?"
Ice Cube stared at it, a handful of fruits, mushrooms, button berries, some little tomatoes and what seems like a really big kidney bean?

....

Ice Cube immediately began to eat the fresh foods in her mother's hand, she quickly used her rough tongue to lap up any messes she made on the ground and she quickly trilled out to demand her for more food. Her pupils were just as huge as Book's when she smelled all that food. It seems that they had a truce for now...the mother and daughter could now rest easy. They had food and they had a nest. They had each other, they would be safer now.

They had to be.

...

A pillow looking creature was secretly in the room, she crawled here herself. She awoke too and she was hungry as hell. Her ear-like corner nubs twitched and helped her scan the area better, the lack of a collar really helped her feel more confident in hiding and darting around more.

Two objects. A mother and a daughter, the mother feeding her child and the child is small and fragile.

She had two fresh meals she could eat- and some side salad too, judging from the nest of plant-based food she saw.

Pillow's eyes were dilated and black just as the others were in their moments of finding new and actual *real* things to enjoy. They honestly had no idea *what* these were and *why* they were so damn *happy* to be indulging in them. But they were happy and that was what mattered.

Pillow bared her teeth, fangs were sharpened by her own genetic meddling, she could easily snap the two in the next with her jaws. She could eat them and have a meal that lasts for some days.

.....But why do that. That felt wrong.

In a way it did. She didn't know what, pillows like her didn't really have..hearts.

But she felt the urge that she should leave this room, she should probably go hunt somewhere else, maybe eat these numbers? no.... eat some subjects. Eat the food ones. Yeah, better.

A mother shouldn't lose her daughter like that, she shouldn't.

-Jelly

Ira

((TW: Severe and intense psychological Trauma, Suicidal and Homicidal Ideation, Attempted Suicide, Extreme Gore/blood, Severe Self-Mutilation, Violent Outburst, etc))

((Pencil's POV))

...

...

...

Am I dead yet.

...

I wish I were dead. I really wish I were.

I wish Match were dead. I dunno. I love her but I think she should be dead.

She suffered so fucking much because of me. I am the reason she was flayed, and also the reason she got tossed into a pool of toothpicks after that.

I want her dead as painlessly as possible so we can be done with it.

Then I want to die with her.

I killed my alliance. I did.

They're all dead because of me. Good.

You know good fucking riddance.

We're all dead because of that four. The fucking number alien did this all to us.

I never thought someone as stupid-looking as him could hurt us all more than the fucking stupid speaker boxes.

He did this to us, all of us.

Why.

Why.

{{{{Stress Levels High

Tachycardia Detected

Mental Contamination Saturated at 60%}}}}}

Why.

.....

{{{Hibernation Deactivated

Awakening

.....

B2H6 Levels reduced

Adrenaline Injected}}}}

W h y

I don't want to w a ke u p

Why do I rememb er

be ing

bo

r

n

----KSSKKK POP------

A haze. I was....wait- what...happened?

I...where am I? What- did....

...is this...

I'm in a tube again? Did I die?

Wait no...these wires...all of these over me... This amount means-

Oh.

I was hibernating.

....

Another DreaMaker..?

...

I'm out of the tube now, I.. I'm here again. The wires and tubes around me disconnected and retracted away. The tube fluids evaporated from my skin.

I'm awake.

No...I...fuck.

I hate this. It's the same fucking thing over and over again.

Fuck fuck fuck

I can't remember what the hell happened back there. Back in Mark...Mark whatever- was it the fourth? fifth???

...

Four.

No no no

I don't want to see that piece of shit cuntfuck again.

No no no-

NONONONONONO-

"Hey- a-are you Pencil?"

.... who-

"Hello- I'm Dr. Two! I'm assuming your codename is uhh- P3NC1L-018?"

"...Yeah.."

Who the fuck? What is this green guy? They- they're another one of those number guys? I... fuck. They still own this damn lab? There's more?? Where are the speaker fuckers???

I had to ask.

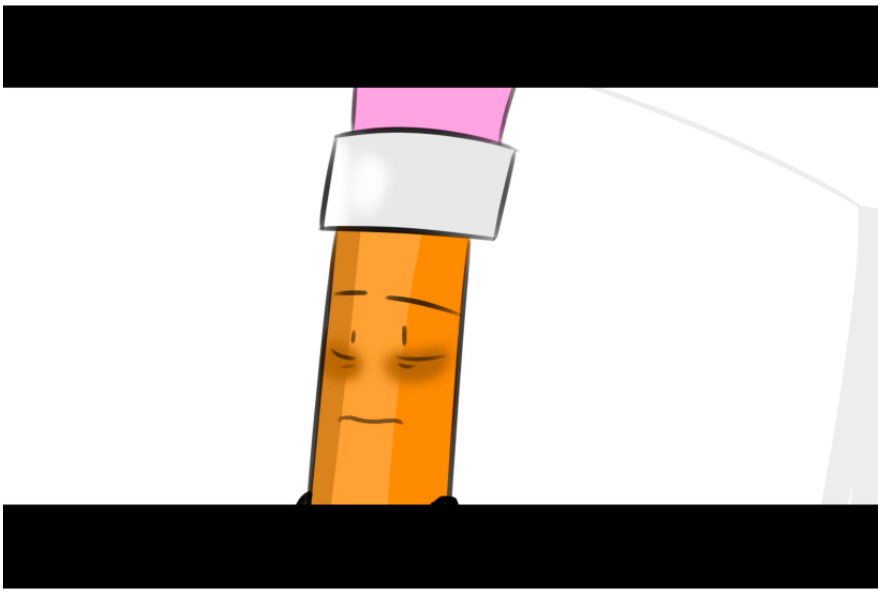
"Who the...fuck are you. I- you're not another one of those-"

"Oh? Well- I am a number...you can call our kind algebraliens- I assure you that uh- you're not going to be hurt anymore! I made sure to ensure Dr. Four was demoted-"

"...Huh?"

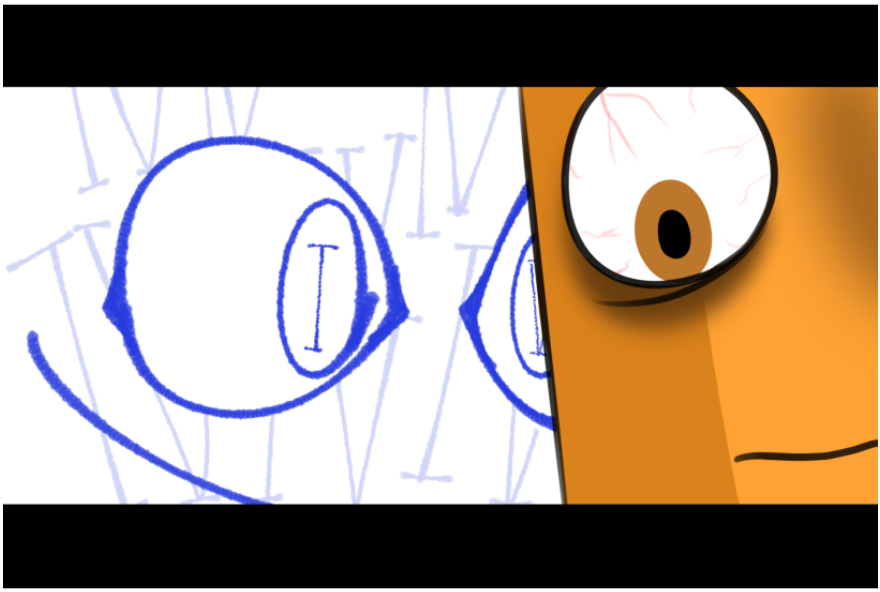
He was demoted? Four? Dr. Four?

...I...I should be happy but.



I still feel him.

Near me.



{()_()()(Flash Back)_)_(*****3rd Person POV****)))***

Date --- = ----- = ----- = --------

It was so...

What did this place look like?

It looked so..wrong.

Why did it look this way...

The colors gleaned so slick. The items at each corner was disgustingly in depth. Corners so cavernous. Sideways was up and horizontal was straight. The machines were fractal in the eyes of the subjects trapped here. There was beauty in the geometry of it all, yet all the objects could feel was terror, confusion, utter disorientation.

Time did not go fast. It moved not. Every second felt like a second inside and a second inside and a year over and months between and forward and backward and up and down and left and right and-

"Huh...so here we are! I finally got this place working! It's mainly in my inner-cells. You rat things won't really understand that at all... I mean. You don't understand much it seems. Heh!"

Dr. Four stared down at his subjects, the ones that behaved so poorly, so vapidly and so annoyingly that he decided to take them to this special laboratory section. It wasn't connected to Goiky Labs- no... He made sure to use his algebralien biology to its fullest- with the suppressants forgotten during his registration- Four and X could do whatever the flying fuck they wanted in this lab. They were gods amongst these mortal wretches.

He had an inner universe in his cells- he simply excised a good chunk of himself and grew it with some vitro-cell machine, and that was now a safe gateway into his pocket dimension.

It was perfect. He could do so much here thanks to how fragmented space was in an algebralien's inner cell-world.

As of for the subjects.

There were a number of them here. Stuck.

Liy. She tried to stab everyone- like...***everyone***...so she's here.

Firey Jr. Disgusting miniature of Firey, puny reminder of the failed

DreaMaker. Here because Four hates him.

8-Ball. Tried to be a huge fucking smartass, he didn't do shit, not a thing. he's here.

Roboty is.....useful.

the stick figure things were...ok they were here so they stopped making a mess.

Stapy. He learned that the door to the room where his Foldy cannibalized Marker...ah, that door was completely open actually. he totally lost his shit, so here he is.

Leafy. She was....here actually, but got out with her stupid mutant genes. Fuck that bitch.

Some others he didn't care about anymore.

...And well, there's also Pencil and Match. They were honestly some interesting students.

They didn't learn shit after getting their skins ripped straight off. And Match sure didn't learn anything after she was swimming in a pool of toothpicks.

It wasn't adequate at all for her to change the way she did, when she suffered Maximum Contamination.

She was supposed to have a Tonic Sanguine Response..... she should have started laughing her face off and maybe should have killed all her friends, her girlfriend. Maybe.

Didn't happen.

Turns out the disposition-detector did not work really well. The

speakers really cut all the fucking corners before they left. That or the subjects were *deciding* to change dispositions now, that was possible apparently.

Match had become Melancholic now. Her Tonic Response was bawling her stupid eyes out until she either died of a heart attack or dehydrated herself to death from all that crying.

Pencil was Choleric now. If she flipped her lid, she'd probably break the damn walls. Or break herself into pieces. Whatever was better really.

That wasn't what he wanted, he was pissed, that was their fault for changing their shit up all the time.

So now they're here.

In the EXIT.

It was a cute name really, made up solely to trick the objects and toy with their desperate urge to escape this godforsaken lab.

But no, they wont find any true escape, the only "exit" they'd learn to know is the deep lab, the one where they will never escape. Where they will learn what truly superior beings are.

"Hah! You should be thankful- you're going to learn things you NEVER got to learn from those neural installations!"

Dr. Four made sure each prisoner was stuck tightly to their chairs, each strap keeping them still depending on their body shape.

He made sure they had been given a specialized eye-serum, dropped onto the eyeball and keeping it perfectly light-protected and moisturized for hours on end- allowing the user the ability to keep their eyes open, never needing to blink, until it wore off.

Then, he got the tools needed to really keep their eyes open. Eye speculum. Metal tools that pried the eyes open at all times, normally they were for eyes surgeries and all.. or when the subjects needed to have their eyes harvested.

For this case, they would need to watch the screens at all times.

"Dr. Four...DR. FOUR?!?! PLEASE LET ME GO- LET US GO- THIS ISN'T WORKING!!!" Match shrieked out, trying to resist, she could not turn her head at all. The metal fixtures kept every joint in her body completely still. She whined out as the speculums hooked into her eyelids, prying them open. Keeping the fixed on the currently blank screen.

"Enough. 017. That's enough. You wont behave and learn anything, you will comply and that is final."

Dr. Four made sure every EXITOR had their speculum on.

He got the machine ready with his technokinetic power. The screens flashed in disorienting colors, the subjects cried out, whining in fear and unable to look away. As the scenes began to flash into their eyes. Into their minds.

"This is a film that my own professors would show me- back when I was studying my PHD.. I mean- the imagery is much different from what you objects may comprehend- my eyes are much different. So

try to pay attention! Don't let your lobes melt." Dr. Four snickered, and walked away from the flashing lights, the disorienting lights. Only he could comfortably watch these films, and for the objects-

The images they saw, the stories, the incomprehensible things they witnessed. History and history and centuries and centuries all in one sitting.

Their poor minds could not handle it.

Film: [Origin of A Trinity]

[Homeworld]

[Algebraliens]

[Civilization]

[War]

[Violence]

[Depravity]

[Arise]

[Tyranny]

[Science]

[Nirvana]

[Homeworld]

[Objects]

[Freedom]

[Submission]

[Creation]

[Compliance]

[Purpose]

[Annihilation]

[Dreams]

[Resurgence]

[Resilience]

[Homeworld]

[Speakers]

[Sonars]

[Innovation]

[Power]

[Madness]

[Apathy]

[Greed]

[Decay]

[Obscurity]

[Oblivion]

The images flashed. Violently swarming the minds of the objects. The endless chasms of knowledge and learning and endless histories that they should have never even needed to learn- it dotted each and every neuron in their braincases.

They learned so much. But it all would pour out like water escaping a strainer. And every time that damned doctor would keep repeating the films to them over and over, giving them more and more volumes to worthlessly expand their melting brains.

More and more the metal strainer grew rusty, degraded. More and more the subjects felt their minds being tormented over and over, even without a single drop of blood being shed.

It was numbing. They would not be able to comprehend it anymore. Comprehend everything.

It had been.. months, years...? When they were stuck in the EXIT. To the subjects. It felt like *eons*.

And eons went by. Four honestly forgot that he had this place. When his number hive came and quickly disparaged him for his wrongdoings- he genuinely had not realized he still kept these subjects in his personal dimension.

Only when Two had to ask for the remaining subjects- did Four finally terminate them.

{PRESENT}

(Pencil's POV)

"...018? Are you ok..?" That green number spoke again.

Fuck.

I.

I zoned out.

"I- wh-wha? I... fuck. You...Dr.- Two? A-Are you sure Dr. Four isn't here?!!?" I felt my heart skip a beat. I didn't want to see him again.

No. no no no.

Not again please.

"What!? No no- I clarified to you- we demoted him! He's going to be forced to work *somewhere else*- we are making **ABSOLUTE** sure that he does not do anything to you all. His mum is going to watch over him- and I'm going to work to *heal* you all- trust me. I assure you.. I- I think you'd prefer that I call you something else- yes?" Dr. Two spoke more to me, their voice was..annoying as hell. But they seemed like they were better, huh. I mean. Dr. X was ok, but he didn't do shit to stop Dr. Four..

"..I prefer to be called Pencil. No more numbers, please." I spoke out, I just wanted to be in control. For once. Even if it was just my stupid code name.

"Ok...Pencil? We're going to help you. I promise, we're here for you." Dr. Two gently reached over and pat my shoulder.

....

{IV}

"DON'T. FUCKING. TOUCH ME." I wrestled them away.

"Ah- no no- i'm so sorry..." Dr. Two tried his best to help me...I.. I don't trust them. I don't.

"Please- I want you to try and rest...take a rest, please. I'm trying to evaluate everyone here- the other numbers- I promise- we're all here to help- we're not violent. Ok?"

"Do I fucking trust you. You aliens are all the fucking same."

"..You can trust me. Just- try this once, please?"

"....hmp."

(Later)

Ah. So only like, a quarter of everyone is out of hibernation. And they finally got that corruption-cleanser stuff to help- but. That Dr. Eight said we couldn't use it anymore- because it caused "genetic damage" or something. Eh. I guess you can't cheat with mental health. But this is a fucking alien-owned lab- you can make people's brains explode with a button and bake cake from literally nothing- so I don't know why they can't just cure our fucking insanity already.

They said they had other treatments for us...hm.

Better than nothing, I need to help Match. She needs this treatment. The hibernation and amnestics only do so fucking much. It never truly fixes the problem.

It always just keeps coming back to us. I know it.

I've dealt with it. I've seen it.

"...Dr... Two?" I spoke to the green number, as they and their other stupid looking coworkers were tending to the tube room. Some of the others who awoke were in the corner where all the beds were, rejuvenating from all the drugs. The ones that were still hibernating stayed afloat in their tubes.

Dr. Two looked over, rather happy. "Oh! Pencil! Do you need anything?"

"I'd..like to know if Match is ok. She's uh... subject number 017."

"Oh- Match? ah..." they looked down at the data tablet they had, quickly taking in the info. "Oh oh- right- Match! She's still hibernating right now, so-"

"Can you please heal her mind? Her mental corruption has been peaked. For a long time now."

"Oh... ah- w-well we're going to work on that, ok? I promise-"

"You NEED to help her. please." I clenched my fists a bit. Thinking about all the times Match had been tormented. The flaying incident- the EXIT, the endless torment. She hasn't been herself for ages now.

"Hey hey- please take it easy- let me look at this data.." Dr. Two looked down at the tablet, I didn't have time for this *shit*- I had to go see her.

My Match..oh my poor Match.

I ran to her tube, I saw her. She was hibernating. Still curled up and covered in tubes that helped her stay alive. I know that hibernating does help sooth our minds but- what *Match* went through? Oh..I don't think she'll come out feeling stable. I'm so scared for her.

"Match..." I felt a deep lump in my throat, as I placed my hands on the cold glass. I stared at her curled form. Her face so peaceful. A slumbering beauty that had been cast the worst cards in life.

"I'm so sorry..this is my fault. I.."

I remembered...I think I...I think I thought I wanted her to..die..-

"No no- i'm sorry...I'm so fucking sorry, Match..." I couldn't hold in it, I was crying.

I'm so horrible. I'm so fucking horrible.

Why.

Why. why why why why why why-

"Pencil- PENCIL!"

??? "WHAT??"

I snapped at that number. Dr. Two went behind me and jumped they

then spoke out.

"Pencil- I-I need to tell you- Match's mental corruption stabilized- she's not at a peak!"

....ah...

"..What is the percentage."

"It's-"

I snatched the tablet. I had to see the data.

M4TCH-017, MENTAL CORRUPTION 70%

DISPOSITION: MELANCHOLIC

HIBERNATION STATUS: PENDING AWAKENING

F-fuck... she's...she healed?? She did- the hibernation helped- but she's still-

wait.

Melancholic??

"Why- WHY is she- she's supposed to be sanguine isn't-"

..oh. wait.

Melancholics cry a lot when they're at peak.

She was...did she..*change* dispositions? I should have figured but- wait.

Wait.

...

"Hey- Pencil, give that back!" Dr. Two tried to take the tablet back- but I hissed at them and pulled away, quickly scrolling through the data.

This was insane. This couldn't fucking be.

L34FY-002, MENTAL CORRUPTION 48%

DISPOSITION: ()()*(*(&*(%&%

L0LL1P0P-044, MENTAL CORRUPTION 28%

DISPOSITION: PHLEGMATIC

M4RK3R-050, MENTAL CORRUPTION 46%

DISPOSITION: SANGUINE

changed...changed...

new dispositions...same corruption levels....

some better some worse...some...

.....

.....

P3NC1L-018, MENTAL CORRUPTION 60%

DISPOSITION: CHOLERIC

...Huh.

I changed dispositions.

And I'm going pretty bad in the corruption part. Fuck.

This. This means something. Something is *wrong* with us. This doesn't just happen out of fucking *nowhere*.

This is wrong.

"Dr. Two. This isn't good. We're all changing dispositions so quickly- this- this isn't even-"

"P-Pencil- the dispositions only indicate how we react to you personality wise..."

"No no- Doctor. You need to *listen* to me." I growled, i felt everything boiling up in me as I had to speak to them.

"I've been in this goddamn lab for years- YEARS. I have been here since day one. You saw my code number- I've seen the shit those boxes did- I saw it all. ALL OF IT. They made us all just to torture us- they categorized us in those dispositions because they PROGRAMMED our minds to be the way they are. They fucked us up for so FUCKING LONG, they downsized our health so FUCKING MUCH- I am absolutely sure that all of us are suffering all sorts of permanent damage that NONE of you have ever fucking addressed."

"..Wait- wh-what do you-"

"DON'T YOU FUCKING REALIZE!??! WE AREN'T SUPPOSED TO CHANGE DISPOSITIONS- SOMETHING IS HAPPENING TO OUR ACTUAL D.N.A. "

"hey hey- ***HEY!***" Suddenly, another number rushed between us. It was some kind of...platinum looking thing with glasses? Two looked like they were going to run off- but they backed off and watched me.

"Woah woah- hold your crazy killer knife now! I know you subject dudes have through some FUCKASS experiments for ages- but like cmon!! *Dr. Eight* here is going to fix your messed up brains! He's like the BEST object psychologist ever." The strange glasses number chuckled and smirked, they just kind of waved their hands at us, as Two settled down.

"Ok- well...what *Nine* was saying is that- we have doctors here who can help you. My mum will help you! He's got special corruption treatments that will ensure your minds are mended as best as we can!" Two gave me a smile and tried to shake my hand...hm.

I wasn't having this shit either way. I don't trust these damn numbers.

I quickly turned away, trying to leave- but then some hands grabbed my arms. "Hey hey- wait! You need-"

No.

LET ME GO.

SLAP

I pushed that damn number away- it was Two who grabbed me. I fucking expected that bastard to become Four at any moment.

They're all Four. All of them.

Doctors.

Doctors.

Doctors with scalpels.

I need to ***GET AWAY***

[[[HEARTRATE INCREASE DETECTED]]]

"Wait- Pencil- hey hey-"

"NO!!!"

(3RD PERSON POV)

"PENCIL!?"

"GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME!!"

Pencil ran. She ran away from the doctors, Dr. Two was frightened by her panicking, as they tried to follow her, not really running- as to not make her freak out more, but also making sure to really keep an eye on her. Nine kind of just frowned in response to the sudden string of emotions, they curled their lip and awkwardly backed off.

"Pencil- PENCIL- WAIT WAIT-" Dr. Two darted around the corners as

Pencil was quickly darting through the halls, and it wasn't long until she had locked herself in a room, specifically her assigned sleeping quarters. Dr. Two frowned, pausing as they looked at the shut down. They couldn't really hear Pencil... but they knew that she was by all means, suffering some kind of nervous breakdown.

They had seen enough from Four's past bullshit to know that the poor thing had gone through enough. They knew that Pencil had been found to be locked up in a secret unauthorized laboratory, the "EXIT" or whatever it was.

Given how it was in a number's soul, her poor object brain must have perceived it like it was *eons* in there. being tortured. Isolated. A few years must have felt like centuries even.

"..Dammit." Dr. Two really wanted to give her some treatment- but... maybe it was best to just- give her space...yes. That was something the subjects just couldn't get. At all.

Give them all space. Revive them from hibernation then just..let them rest. Let them discover things on their own.

Yeah.

It took a while to get everyone fully awakened- but after some hours, all subjects were awakened from hibernation. Many who had been

suffering peak corruption during the fourth project were puking or fainting a lot- the hibernation did work to clean their minds just a bit, but the baggage that remained weighed heavy on their neurons. They were barely back to their old selves.. Loser's incredibly raspy voice seemed to wheeze more than usual as he sat down from a migraine. Bracelety was way more finnicky than her original self, still loves Ice Cube- of course.

Match seemed like she healed the least, actually. Personality wise, she was by no means back at all. She was.. alive.

Bubble looked anxiously as Match was pulled out from hibernation. The wooden stick did not want to open her eyes even when she was registered awake- she just curled up and shivered, whining silently, murmuring.

"Walls closing in...no no no...please no. Not again. Please..."

"Leave me alone..please go back to sleep no..please just sleep..sleep..."

"Please...no no no." She murmured.

"M-Moitch...please- h-hey..it's me...Boibble..!" Bubble gently held Match in a bridal position, placing the curled up subject in a medical bed. In the distance, Dr. Eight stared carefully, he had taken note of any subject who had peak corruption- he had to ensure they were not stressed out.

"Noo...please...hh..." Match whined silently, curling up. She seemed almost like an unborn being in this position- desperately trying to find the embrace of a mother that did not exist. *"I didn't mean to...please..."*

"Oh- p-please..hey..." Bubble realized instantly what words she had to choose.. "Hey- We're oikay...We're all aloive and well...! We got-" Bubble glanced at Dr. Eight and the busy Zeroes. "..We got nicer doictors to look after us...! They're goinna heal us all...!"

"...ah...wait....b-better...?" Match fluttered her eyes open...and she glanced up from her arms.. A...better... doctor...? doctor(s)...?

"Yes...yes...!" Bubble's face lit up, as she held Match's hands tenderly, caressing them, her dear friend. "We're goioing to be ok- there's..more doictors yes- b-but! but..they're good poiple...!" Every sentences she hoped to the gods that this did not cause a negative reaction.

Match looked up at her, and blinked unevenly. She looked around, instinctively clutching to Bubble's hand as she awkwardly took a glance at Dr. Eight.

"..Who are...you...grey guy..."

"I'm Dr. Eight. I'm a psychologist who is trained to heal corruption." Dr. Eight spoke calmly, making sure his voice did not cause a reaction to Match either... "I will help you, we all are. I promise you- *he* is no longer allowed to touch you guys now."

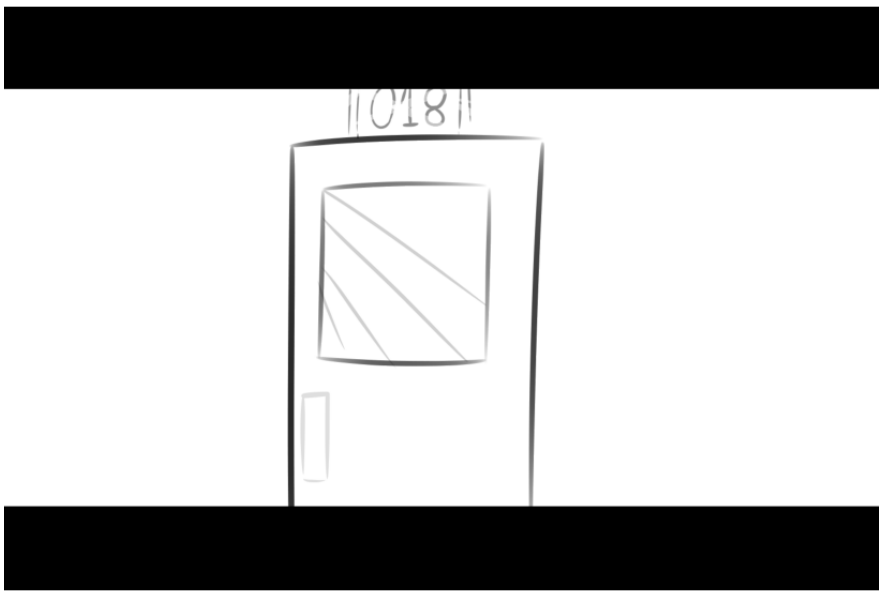
"...A-Ah.." Well...the mention of him made Match shiver...but hearing he couldn't- do anything now..? That...made her..settle down.. almost to the point where she was returning to her old self. She carefully sat up on the medical bed. Holding Bubble's hand. the soap bubble was actually very happy about this- as Match pouted.

"Hmm...where's Pence-Pence..? I-I need to see her- please.."

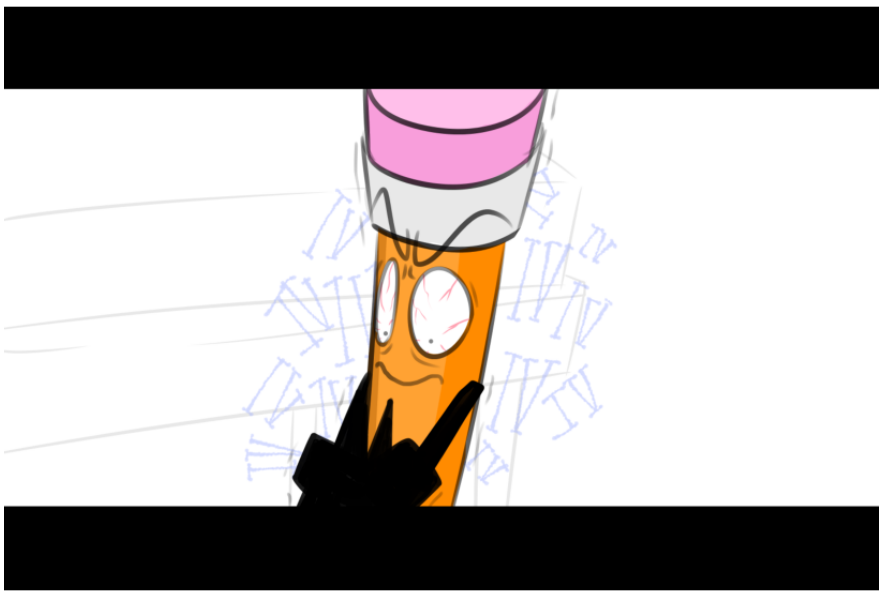
"Oh- Poincil?? Ah- where is..she..?" Bubble glanced at Dr. Eight, who sighed softly. "I overheard that she was in her personal chamber. You'd best check on her too- she seemed very anxious when she ran off."

"Oh- ran off?? oi- ok...I'll go check-" Bubble held Match's hand as she looked up.. "Oi'll be back..ok?" "O-Ok..." Match frowned...but soon- Bubble quickly rushed to Pencil's chamber...

.....


018

(Pencil's POV)



Fuck. Fuck fuck.

This is bullshit. This had to be bullshit.

There is no way they just let go of that guy- that damned blue doctor. They absolutely have him in this lab- they do. They do.

I can feel him.

I feel him.

((((MENTAL CORRUPTION--------)))

He's here.

They kept him *here.*

I know it.

Why didn't they *ACTUALLY* get rid of him. Why...why.

If they really really want to help us why is he ***STILL HERE-***

-

"POINCIL?!"

....Wh....

Bubble?

Ugh.

What does that druggy want.

"WHAT?!?!" I blurted out.

"Ah-.. Poincil- Oi need to say-"

"JUST FUCKING TELL ME ALREADY."

"Poincil- please-"

"TELL ME."

"MOITCH IS AWAKE NOW."

.... Match...?

Oh.

Match is awake.

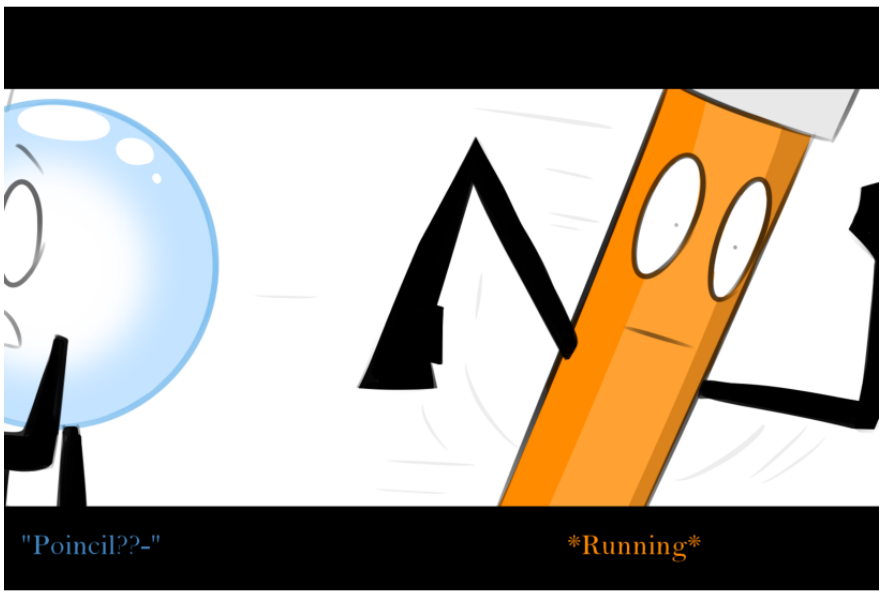
She's AWAKE

SHE'S AWAKE!!!

I got up, I pushed the door open, I ran right out of my chamber and right past Bubble.

Match...Match...Match is awake?

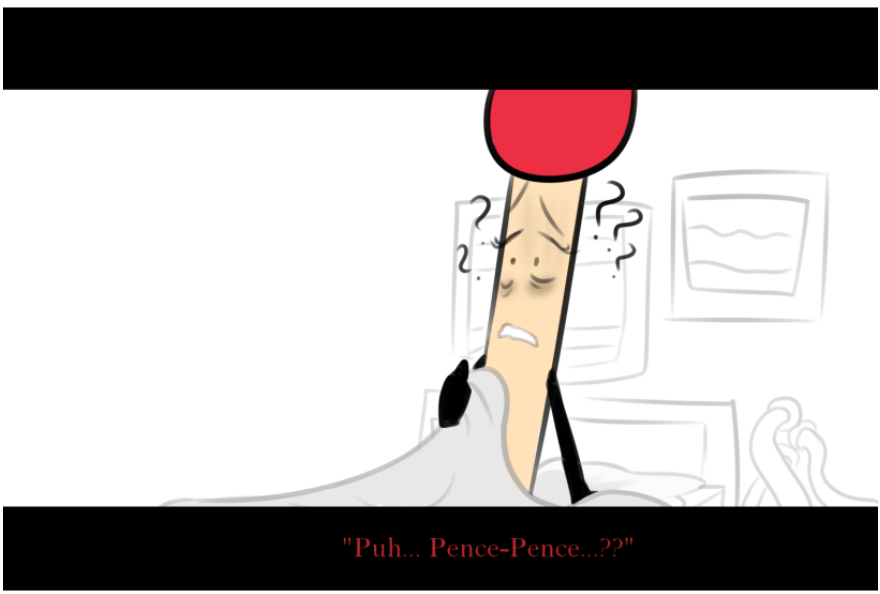
Oh Match....



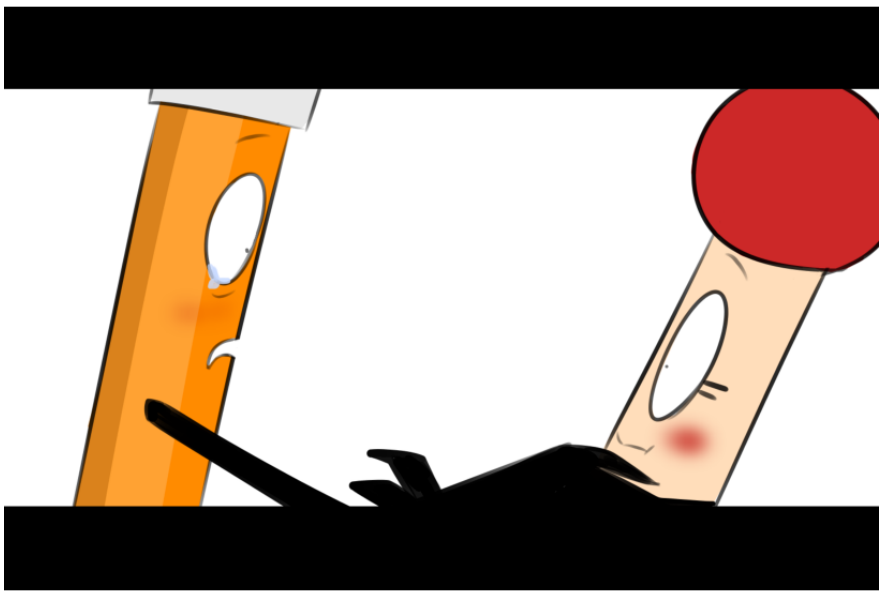
I got to the medical room the very moment I could.

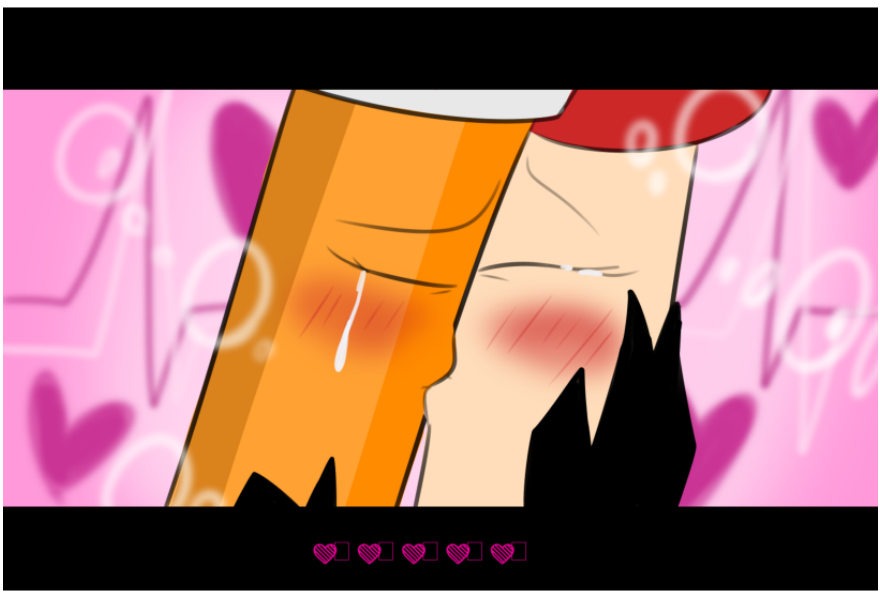
I turned and saw her.

She was in bed.


"Puh... Pence-Pence...??"

I rushed over to her, I quickly, yet gently grabbed her face.





(3rd Person POV)

Bubble and the other scientists in the area were...very shocked by the scene. Nothing wrong with it- it was..well... a nice reunion and all! But...-

"Match- my Match!!"

"Pence-Pence...I...you're back...!!"

The two wooden sticks clung onto each other, quickly tending to one another's possible blemishes, Match gently held up Pencil's face, admiring her features, as Pencil carefully brushed up her match-head, often considered her "hair" of sorts...

"Oh...you're ok...ah..." Match had tears pouring from her eyes...more than she usually did...she noticed that Pencil's neck was- collar-free..? Perfectly clean...kissable even... she caressed her neck.. as Pencil herself finally noticed that she had no collar.

None of them did at all.. huh.

"Oh...uhh ...our collars- we...they didn't give it to us?" Pencil looked down, holding her own neck, as Bubble also had taken notice of everyone's lack of a collar.

Dr. Eight watched over them all, and had to comment.

"Oh- Dr. Two has gotten rid of the collar system, given how long it's gone- we deduced they were not that effective, nor were they helping you all mentally now."

"Huh...b-but- how do you..know where we are...?" Match looked up...and Dr. Eight shut his eyes.

"..We're replacing it with a more advanced system soon as we can. Couldn't do it inside the tubes."

Bubble listened, as that any other subjects around the area....Match and Pencil were indeed a little relieved at the new developments...But the two did not really take things as quickly as others were. They looked around..

Ruby in the background seemed to be jumping in joy and eating some....stuff?

"THIS IS SO GOOD I CAN'T BELIEVE IT WE GOT FOOD!! FOOD FOOD FOOD FOOD!!!" Ruby gleefully danced around and shoved oversized gumdrops and whole unidentified fruits straight down her own gullets. Her other arm clutching a variety of other food items- including a pack of dairy and a large slab of raw meat.

"RUBY DON'T DO THAT YOU'RE GOING TO VOMIT!" Fries yelled out, running after her, as Flower whimpered, clutching her abdomen as it seemed she had not been given a chance to at least try the new treats.

"Oh- we have- is that...."

"FOOD???" Match's pupils dilated into saucers, as did Pencil.. and anyone else who had not been given the new foods. "Oh- yes.. you all get more natural diets. Yes? We'll still monitor your overall health to ensure that you are not lacking in specific nutrients." Dr. Eight watched calmly, he was half expecting the woodsticks to all scurry over to the canteen to devour their food supply..

Though before that could even happen- Nine finally pulled up again. Rushing into the scene on his skateboard...how utterly reckless.

"Yo!! You guys are lookin a lot better now- eh??" He chuckled, as Pencil grimaced at the platinum number, and hid Match behind her on entrance.

"Who the- are you allowed to do that??? Why is your labcoat so-gross??" She blurted out, as Match clung to her instinctively, whining a bit in fear. That doctor was too cheery..

"Oh- cmon now! no need to fear me- I ain't gonna cut your body up like Four dude- eh?"

"Nine."

Dr. Eight shot daggers at them...and Nine pouted. "Eh??"

"Don't mention *him* near the subjects."

"Cmon- he's been *demoted*- isn't he? He can't hurt them now that he's

in the-"

.....

IV IV

.....

The mention of that damn blue number....Him...

Even the smallest mention set the two off.

Pencil's heart suddenly raced, and her eyes widened, pupils tightened up as her movements seemed to freeze in place. She held Match close to her..

Match..well, she instead would let out a pathetic whine, and she clung onto Pencil desperately- as if she were about to be snatched from her.

"Oh no no- no- him- **him**...n-no no- walls...*walls closing IN!*!!" Match clutched her head, hyperventilating, as she kept herself close to her dear lover. Pencil was silent and frozen, clinging to her..but she didn't say a word, at all.

"....."

Bubble immediately took notice of this- her heart skipped a beat as she quickly tried to get the two back into reality. "Match!? Poincil?!"

No no no.

HIM

Bubble tried to carefully hold Match and Pencil's shoulders- but...while Match started to settle down...Pencil freaked out.

"GET- GET AWAY- NO- GET AWAY FROM ME- ALL OF YOU!!!"

Soon, Pencil quickly pushed Match away- and she ran out of the room again..once more. Match squeaked in confusion.. "Pence- Pence..!?" she whined out in fear- as Bubble quickly held onto her. "No no- Match it's ok- Pencil seems just-"

Dr. Eight frowned, he tried to..step in..but...

...

He glared at Nine. Who grimaced in fear. "I uh...s-sorry...uh..."

.....

Demoted?

Huh.

Just demoted?

Not- completely removed?

Sent away from this lab??

Maybe Executed or something??

No.

They DEMOTED HIM TO ANOTHER POSITION IN *THIS* LAB.

He is still here.

He IS STILL HERE.

Pencil quickly ran..she avoided any subject around her, even as they glared at her and tried to ask her if she was ok- she couldn't rely on any of them.

She avoided these pathetic zeros that tried to step in- she pushed a few away- sure they weren't *HIM* or anything but they could easily become as horrible as *HE WAS*.

She had to find somewhere else- her own room- no..it could be spied on.

There's *cameras* everywhere. EVERYWHERE. the *collars* may be gone, but it wont *matter* anymore where she went.

"Fuck fuck fuck-"

Pencil looked around, feeling her heart pounding through her ribcage.

A... smell.

Huh.

Food.

Safety. Yes.

Shelter.

Pencil quickly ran into a more curious looking door- larger.. she broke inside and the interior seemed more- full. A storage place??

Huh. All these crates... A lot that were made of more natural materials like wood.

Pencil simply hid between the stack of crates, quickly trying to calm herself.

....

The smells of...food... did help her actually.

These were new smells, better than the nutrient cubes, some smelled

like cake, some others she recognized from the *very* rare times they were fed a unique food item.

"H-Huh...huh....hmm...hff..." Pencil glanced at a loose crate, and pried it open, growling a bit- as she made sure to get her claws into use.

crack

The crate's contents would spill out.. Many fruits, mushrooms, some surprisingly fresh meat cuts. A few things that were.. hard to recognize.

"..Oh." Pencil widened her eyes. She didn't even think she'd see so much food like this... is that what Ruby was devouring?

.....

She needed to calm her nerves. Pencil began to eat away at the contents of the crate. The wide array of textures and flavors were unique- a little disorienting after living off cubed slop for so long. But.. it distracted her. She felt better.

...

How fucking great. She was binge eating. Just like Ruby fucking did whenever she was upset.

"Mhrrg." She bit a whole shrimp in half.

Pencil.. oh Pencil. You should realize that Ruby is so happy because she never gave up hope in everyone. She never stops believing in herself- in others, even if there is that chance that they could never escape this lab.

You gave up hope on everyone, on escaping- on living. You really actually considered having Match killed. Your own damn girlfriend.

It was just a *thought*...but the fact that you thought of that to *begin* with, that in itself means *something* about you. That you are unworthy of being loved. Of being happy.

....

Pencil stopped eating.

"Fuck....this isn't working."

she placed all her crumbs down, and she glanced around.

There had to be any drugs here....

....

oh.

Really now.

You're trying to go the drug route, just like Bubble, eh?

....

Pencil looked down, blinking...and she rubbed her head, hiding in between the crates.

"I really thought about drugging it out...huh."

Yeah, go ahead and go smoke yoyle-zip with Bubble. Or behind her back actually! You know how embarrassing that is. Going the junkie

route.

You are a fucking worthless sack of shit. Pencil.

....

You know you deserve to fucking die. To be permakilled. Maybe melted into some ooze that could still feel all the pain of being burned into some engine.

You sure as hell aren't the *DreaMaker*. You couldn't even help in that project for all you could fucking do. You're more worthless than a rat- you're a goddamn *mutation*.

"hhhh."

{Mental Corruption--62%}

"I hate this..I hate this so much."

...hah, yelling into the void like Fanny does.

You can't do anything, y'know.

Having your skin ripped clean off just wasn't enough for you.

So being trapped in that blue hell was what you needed.

You deserved to be there more.

It was only a few years of inactivity...but it felt like eons. ***Centuries***. Didn't it?

Maybe go back there.

"No."

Go back to him.

"N-No.."

{IV IV IV}

Go back.

To.

Him.

{IV IV IV}

"No no no-" Pencil backed away, hiding further into the corner- until she jolted up in terror.

a voice.

"HEY FOUR!"

"YEAH??"

"I FOUND ALL THE BURGER DISKS!!"

"CMON- GET THEM TO THE STORAGE AREA HERE- THEY'LL BE SAFER!"

Footsteps. That...those...voices..

"No."

He's here.

Pencil shivered, hugging herself, she had to get the FUCK OUT OF THERE-

But...before she even could try.... the big door opened up, the one she went through..

"Eh? It's open!?!?" Four was wearing a more dark apron- some kind of...canteen worker's uniform. As did X. Who still wore his stupid glasses. Guess he actually needed those to see. "Four- I-I think people come here a lot to get snacks.."

"Well- X! The subjects- rrhg- they keep stealing all the food! They're just- HUFFING it all up! I had no idea all the objects could eat THAT much!"

"Well since your sibling ordered all those imported goods- they've been meaning to get us to to handle this canteen! It was barely used to its full potential!"

Despite all odds, it seems that X was actually seeming a lot happier to be working at his new job as a canteen manager. He knew that the food synthesizer diet for the subjects was unhealthy- even if it kept them alive, it kept them miserable and weak. From his scientific work- he realized how much that objects needed varieties of food choices- and if he could just cook something nice for them? That was something he was more than happy to do! Even if his studies were more in line with heavy-duty science- gastronomy was a science in itself!

Four...well...he looked at X setting up the entire kitchen happily, and he looked down at himself and his apron. He somewhat reached underneath to feel the *suppressant-module* that had been installed into all the numbers. Even the zeros had it too.

He hated it really. It was fucking stupid to have this- he and X were so fucking LUCKY to have dodged that when DreaMaker 4 was on. He had so much fucking fun. X did too!

But no.

Sib had to be suck a fucking *SNITCH* and now they all needed to be nerfed.

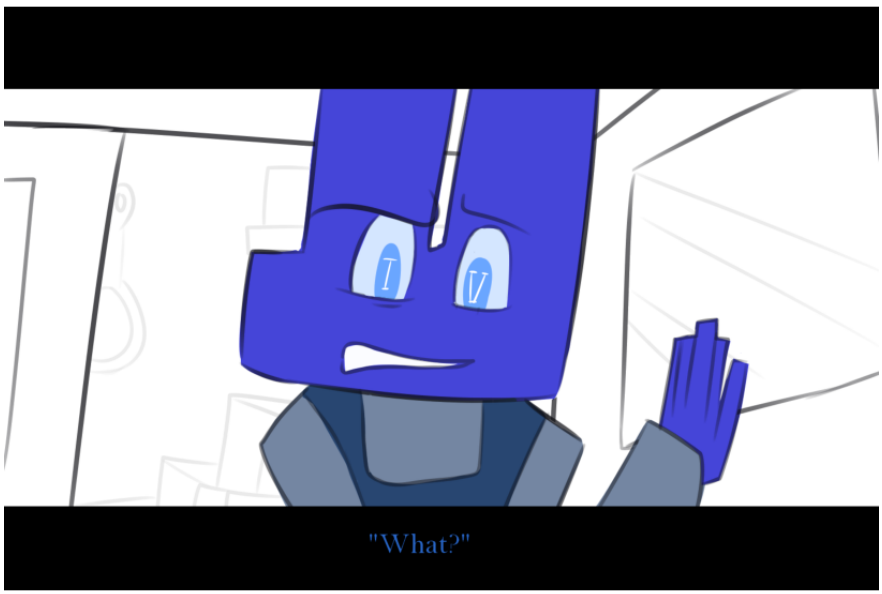
And those goddamn subjects aren't collared!?!? Why not chip them now?? What was Two DOING!?

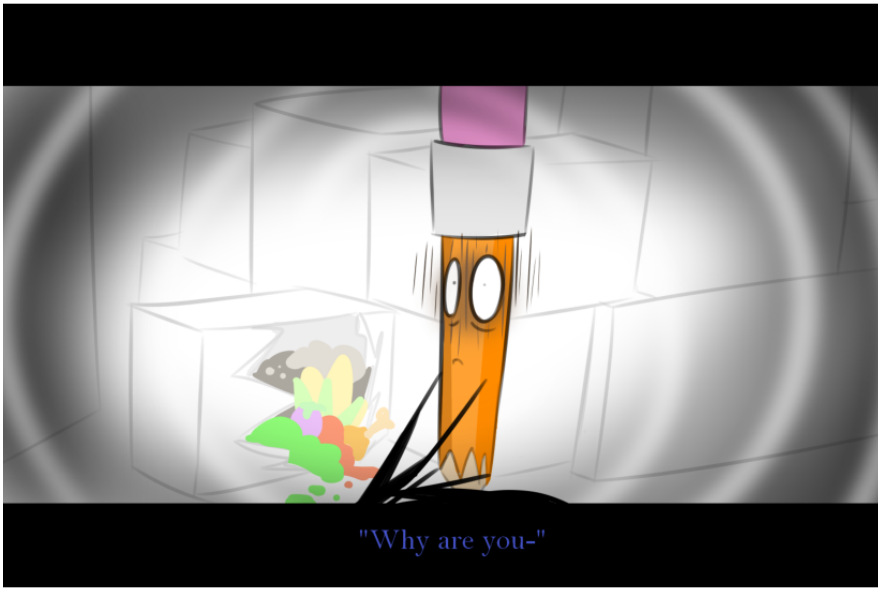
"RrrGGH-"
Four huffed angrily, he wish he could have just- ripped some-goddamn ***OBJECT'S SKULL IN HALF-***

....

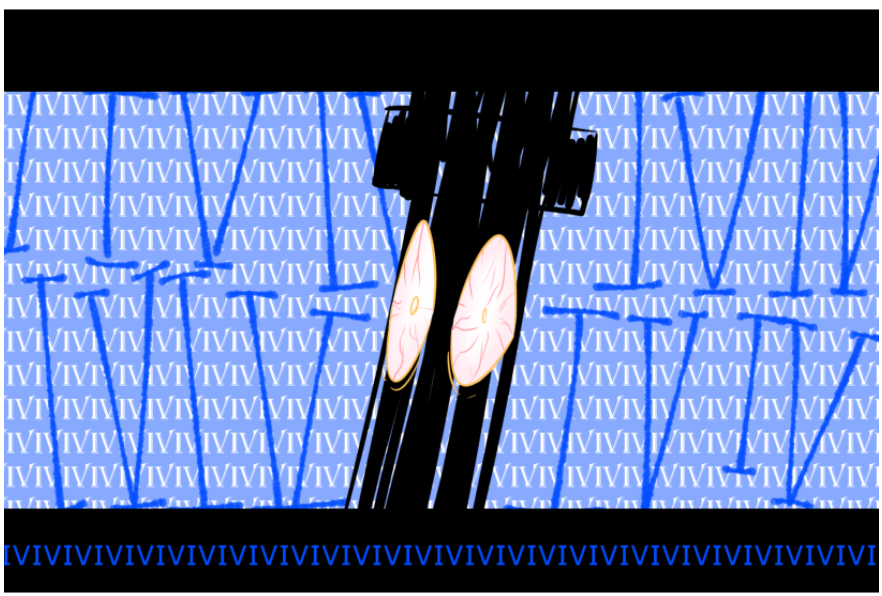
He locked eyes with Pencil, who had tried to sneak out behind the crates. And he was actually...in shock.

"...wait....*P3NC1L-018*...?"


"What?"


"Why are you-"

[IV IV IV IV IV IV IV IV IV]



"aaAAAAAAUUUGGGGHHH!!!!!!"

The door to the canteen area was smashed open by Pencil, as she bolted out, faster than she ever did before. Four didn't even get to- do anything..or say anything. and he scowled, huffing. "..Fuck..is she still upset about EXIT..? ugh." He shook his head, simply getting back to work- he couldn't do anything about this anymore.

But for Pencil, she wished that *something* could absolutely be done about Four.

It was all *true* now- he was *here*. They didn't send him away- he was *HERE*.

*Why was **HE HERE?!?!***

"DR. TWO!!!" Pencil yelled out, as she looked around in rage.

Genuine rage.

"WHERE THE FUCK IS THAT DAMN DOCTOR?!?!?"

Well.. hearing the yelling- freaked Dr. Two out...they were just trying to check up on other subjects- it was going well! But.. Pencil...

"P-Penc- I-I'M COMING!"

They quickly rushed over to her location. And Pencil snapped towards them. Her eyes were getting noticeably...

...bloodshot.

"Wait...P-Pencil- hey- please..calm down..I'm here to help-" Dr. Two quickly stood still, raising their hands up carefully. "I-I-... I know what's happening is not ideal-"

"You kept him. ***YOU KEPT HIM IN THE LAB?!?! HANDLING ALL THAT FOOD!?!? HE COULD POISON US WITH SOMETHING!!!"*** Pencil shrieked out...

"No no no- Pencil please! We are HEAVILY monitoring him! Me and my mum are ALWAYS keeping an eye on his behavior. He can't hurt you anymore-"

"WELL WHAT IF HE DOESN'T LISTEN TO YOU EH!?!? HE NEVER FUCKING LISTENED TO US. HE NEVER FUCKING DID!!" Pencil's voice somewhat crackled at the shear rage, the fear, the outrage that she felt. as Two grimaced a bit.

"Pencil- Four is my BROTHER. I can HANDLE HIM." They assured.

...but that only made Pencil snap more. Realizing that green doctor was blood related to ***HI M***

"Y-You- ***YOU FUCKING-"*** Pencil's trembling hands raised up, her fingers arched into sharpened claws, more than usual...and she immediately lunged at the green doctor.

"HEY- HEY!!"

Dr. Two quickly tried to push Pencil away, as she shrieked and clawed at them angrily. The immediate danger to the head doctor alerted the zero squad to quickly rush in and try to handle the situation.

"Hey- subject- that's ENOUGH! GET OFF OF THEM!" One of the zeros spoke out, and pulled at Pencil's back, another helped grab her shoulder and arms, to pry her claws off of Two's poor face. As she

was hoisted away by a few more zero workers, Two quickly backed away, holding their face carefully, and trembling in confusion, pain.. shock.

"A-Ah..hah..."

"Hey- hey- Dr. Two! it's ok- we got this under control!" Another zero rushed over, checking up and cleaning their forest-green blood from their face. Couldn't do much with the droplets on their coat.. but with proper cleaning, the wounds should close up themselves.

"I...f-fu- hmm..." Dr. Two clenched their teeth. Watching as Pencil yelled and cried out. She tried to claw at the zeros angrily like before- but as their swift reflexes won over her feral rage- Pencil's angry clawing turned into pathetic little fist battering.

....Dr. Two looked at their wrist-attached scanner.

[P3NC1L-018, MENTAL CORRUPTION 79%]

"Shit." Dr. Two quickly got up- and they would raise their hands to the zeros manhandling Pencil.

"ENOUGH. JUST HOLD HER CAREFULLY. PLEASE."

"Wh-what do we do with her?!"

"Just hold her arms behind her back- keep her still!"

Pencil whined out, crying in rage, as she was soon put into a more secure, and powerless position. The zeros made sure her arms crossed behind her back. And now she was held up, still. as she yelled in rage.

"LET ME GO- FUCKERS- FUCKERS- ALL OF YOU ARE FUCKERS!!!!"

"PENCIL- PLEASE LISTEN TO ME- MY MOM AND I WILL HELP

YOU."

"WELL WHERE'S YOUR **MOM**, ***HUH??? HUH???!"***

"HE'S HERE- HE'S-" Crap... Dr. Two should have actually had him around. His mom could handle this... he had to- wait.

Dr. Eight was handling other things right?

"H-He's busy right now!"

"RRRRGH- FUCKING CUT THAT BULLSHIT DOWN- YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO HELP US ALL! AREN'T YOU POWERFUL!? AREN'T YOU MASTERS OF TECH- SCIENCE?!?!?" Pencil yelled out, blowing her heart out from her raging voice.

"THOSE TWO BASTARDS HAD POWERS THAT NONE OF US HAVE E V E R SEEN. WE WENT THROUGH SHIT THAT IS BEYOND WHAT ANY FUCKING SPEAKER BOX EVEN THOUGHT ABOUT DOING."

"Please- Pencil- We're doctors- but we're not gods... And- y-you were created for a specific purpo-"

"WHAT?! WERE THE BOXES CREATING US FROM TUBES THE ONLY FUCKING REASON THAT YOU ALL TORTURE US?? YOU THINK IT'S OK CUZ WE'RE ALL GROWN IN A LAB?!?"

"I-I..we-.." Two frowned. They .. they didn't really know what to say about that. The zeros that held Pencil looked to the side...some curled

their lips.

...that was...true. Really.

"Look...Pencil- I...we're...things aren't.. ethical here. We're trying to be more *ethical.* More than- Four...or...the boxes have. We really mean it- we want to help- we *do."*

Two hoped their words got to Pencil.. the wooden stick looked like her heart was going to explode from her chest- they could faintly see how rapidly her chest moved from her breathing.

though. Unfortunately- things weren't going to go as they hoped they could.

"You fucker...ALL OF YOU ARE FUCKERS- CUNTS- PIECES OF FUCKING SHIT- ALL OF YOU!! YOU'RE HIS FUCKING SIBLING- I SHOULD KNOW YOU'RE JUST AS MUCH OF A MISERABLE CUNT AS THEY ARE. I K N O W IT."

"P-Pencil please-" Two grimaced, but..they noticed their wrist device.

[P3NC1L-018, MENTAL CORRUPTION 85%]

What the....that fast?!

"Shit."

Dr. Two quickly stood up straight, and eyed all the zeros worriedly. "Get her to a place so she can calm down- *NOW*!"

The zeros took notice of the sudden urgency, and they quickly took Pencil away to the nearest isolation chamber... Pencil freaked out more, and she hissed, snarled, tried to claw at them more- tried to even bite them...bite her own lips.. bite herself? she couldn't do anything in her position.

In the distance... well, Bubble watched in horror. Realizing that things were devolving faster than expected...

It was their first day awake, most of the subjects were actually feeling ok- cathartic with the new changes. They were eating better food- they were feeling so much better without the horrible collars. They even were enjoying the presence of the new numbers! Of this new head doctor! Some heard of Four being demoted to cook- they were laughing that he could be forced to flip burgers! Things were

seemingly getting better here!

But Pencil?

...

Well.

"..Oi no...Oi..." Bubble glanced back at her chamber, where she was helping Match and some others in her group of friends rest up.. eat new food.

"Th-thois is going to shit alroidy.."

"Pencil...ploise- we can't.."

"....Hmmff."

[P 3nc 1l 's P0 V]

RRRHG-

They pushed me into an isolation chamber.

Most of the time the subjects find these soothing.

I didn't.

This was a fucking prison.

this entire lab was.

I didn't need them.

I didn't need any of this-

"Hey- Pencil? We're keeping you here until you calm down- ok? We're going to make sure you get some uhh..." A zero spoke.

Another interjected.

"Soothing medication from the brain doc himself! as in- Eight!"

.....

I spoke. "..Can I have corruption cleanser."

the zeros frowned and looked at each other.

"....the one the speakers made isn't good for you- w-we can't..use it...it's not good to just cure this in one go- your DNA will get- spaghettified...and

uhh..-"

"We have other treatments." Another intruded.

My eye twitched. A zero then jumped over.

"But!!! We are not ruling off medication for your corruption- trust us! we made many kinds that work just fine- a-and NONE of them will deep-fry your cells!"

"It may not be an instant cure, but it at least treats it!" A particular zero pointed out...they had a stupid hat on.

"...Why don't you get me that medicine. huh." I glared at them all.

This had to be bullshit.

It wouldn't work.

"Oh? Well- sure thing! We're JUST about to go get it from the supply doc- some Mental Activation Tonic! Just wait there- ok? We're all going to handle this- you can trust us zeros!"

The zero with a hat gave a thumbs up, the others pouted at them, and then they all quickly retracted from the door- shutting it tightly.

Now I was alone.

Isolated.

No noise, anything, just white walls.

A metal table.

A chair.

.....

...Why the hell am I fucking here.

I don't wanna fucking be here.

I don't want to live.

I don't want to be tested on anymore.

I don't want to exist anymore.

...

I remember being born.

I shouldn't remember being born but I do.

I remember.

....

I...

I need to just..

Try and walk around.

Pace around.

Try to just...calm down.

Just... walk around the room.

Sit sometimes, that's it.

Get up.

Sit down.

stand.

That's all I can do.

.....

{IV}

.....

{IV IV IV IV IV IV}

Voice.

His

voice.

{IVIVIVIVIVIVIVIVVIVIVIVIVIVIVIVIVIVIV}

I can't stop thinking about him.

He's here.

They kept him here.

He's going to torture us all.

He'll lock me up again.

I'll be trapped for centuries again.

He'll torture me.

He'll torture her.

He'll find a way.

He will.

He fucking will.

Can't stop.

Hearing him.

Why am I here.

Why is anyone here-

*why is he **HERE?!***

He's here and ***WE'RE ALL GOING TO BE TRAPPED HERE.***

FOREVER.

"HHHHH H H H H HH H."

plip plip

Ah.

My

eyes.

hurt.

...

...bile?

huh.

h u h.

m ad.

ang ry.

mad.

mad.

angry.

angry.

Hate

hate

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myself

I

[MENTAL CORRUPTION 100%]

{}{}[][IV]{}{}{}{}{}{}{}[II]]]]]][[[[[]]]]]X[]]]]]]]]]]
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{TONIC CHOLERIC RESPONSE DETECTED}

HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH&*$#

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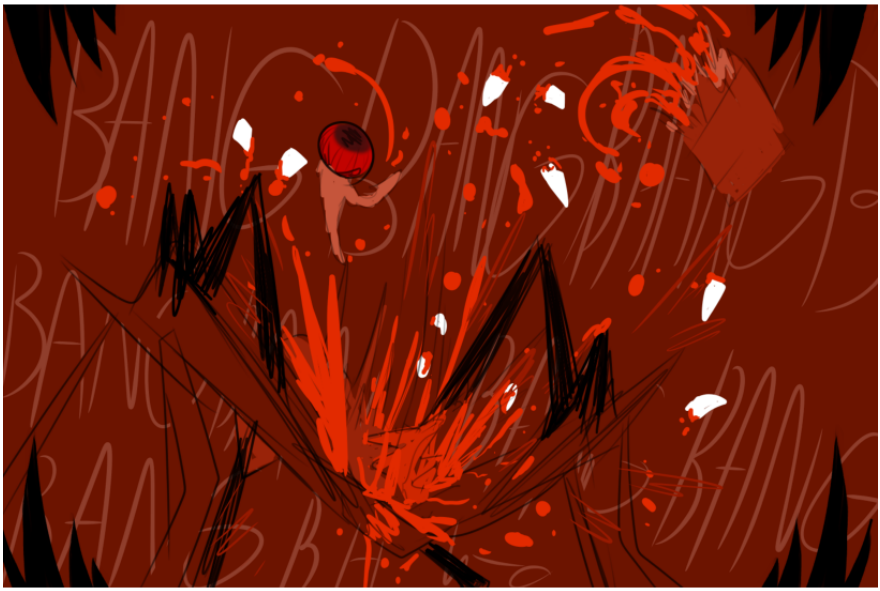

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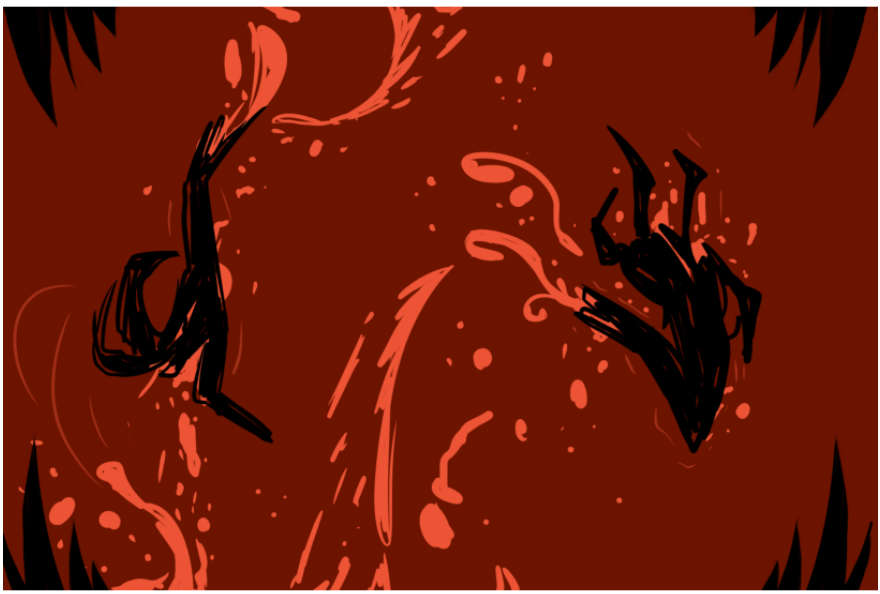


GRARGRRGGGGRAAAARGGGRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGG

KRRRRCCCNNNNHHHKKKKKKK

BANG BANG BANG BANG

SPLAT

CRKKKKKK

(3rd PERSON POV)

"Cmon! will you get it??"

"I got it- I got it- here!" The particular Zero had been digging through

a cabinet, trying to find the corruption healing medication that would work best for Pencil.

She needed a lot of time to destress. But a Mental Activation Tonic should suit her.

It was a bottle of bright green fluid- kinda like Dr. Two's hue.. it was drinkable too. The algebraliens already made this to help numbers that were working in extremely distressing jobs. Turns out it worked perfectly fine on objects.... and was, as Dr. Eight approved, safe for them.

By all means, not a miracle cure- but it soothed the nerves, gave the neurons more nutrients to regenerate- and in longer doses, it helped balance brain chemistry, and encourage the synapses needed to undo mental corruption.

"Ah! I'm sure she'll down this stuff for sure!" The particular Zero smiled in joy, shaking the bottle of tranquility. The other zeros pouted at him.. he was such an outlier.

"Well- she just needs one bottle every three days- too much makes objects zonk out." one zero spoke.

"And also- we need OTHER treatments too!" A zero with glasses spoke...but the particular Zero waved them off.

"Oh- cmon- I know I know- Dr. Eight handles this stuff fine- but hey! We'll give this to her and-"

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAUUUUUUGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

BANG BANGBANG BANGBANG BANG

...

The roaring echoed through the entire lab.

The violent banging went on and on.

It could be heard by the zeros, as they were not far at all from Pencil's chamber.

Confusion and fear jolted through them all equally.

"....oh shit."

"What was-"

"is that-"

"SHIT SHIT SHIT- CMON YA'LL-"

The particular Zero quickly yelled at the others, and he rushed to the isolation room- the others followed.

She suffered peak corruption already?!

They opened the door to the chamber....

"WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING IN TH-"

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUGGGGGGAAAAA AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA"

*"OH MY FUCKING **GODS**-"*

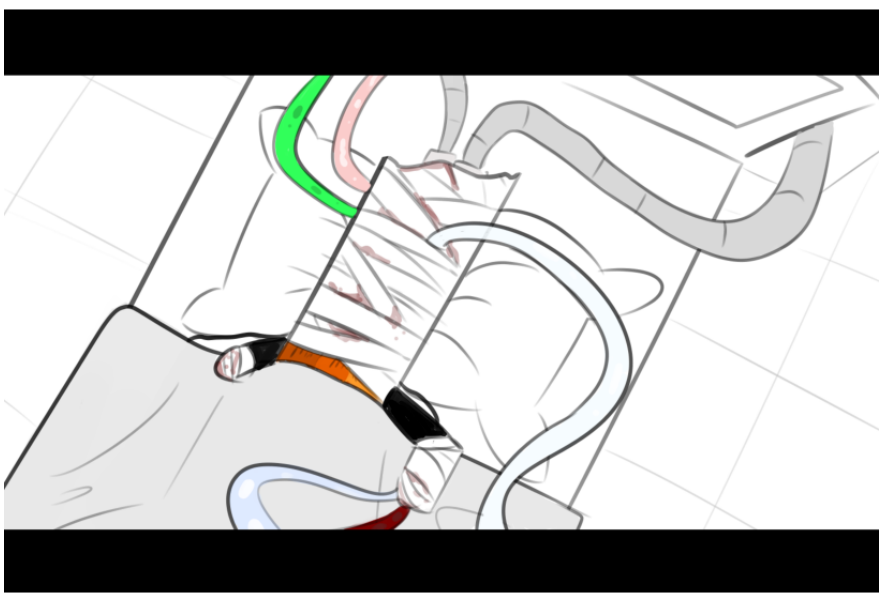
"HEY- STOP IT-"

"DR. TWO HELP US HERE!!!"

(A few hours later)

(Dr. Two's POV)

Good gods.



It took almost seven whole zeros to pull her away.

She wouldn't stop. She...she was...

I still don't know how the hell we managed to save her.

She's barely even- here actually.

She actually grinded most of her face off on the wall. Most of her brain is missing. The life support system is the only thing keeping her alive.

I don't know how she was able to flail around with all that blood she lost.

There weren't any weapons- nothing in that room- just a table and chair. And she managed to rip herself apart like that- I-I...

The table was completely destroyed..

...

The others in the team walked over. All the zeros had differing reactions- some terrified from the yelling, others confused and a little annoyed- the team that had to handle Pencil looked utterly shaken, having to deal with the visceral scene of the incident unfolding.

Dr. Nine tightened his lips, she tried her best not to say anything inappropriate or put in a poor joke- I thank her for that, she's not a

doctor but she's still someone I appreciate.

I looked over at my mum, despite how stoic and hardened he can be towards the misfortunes of other beings, even he looked visibly spooked by what had just happened.

I'm pretty damn sure the other subjects heard this all happening, they sure as hell were not going to be all excited about the improvements here after... that.

If- wh-when they start to notice.

dammit.

I took a deep breath, then exhaled, feeling myself ever so slightly collect.

Dr. Six walked over with an information tablet. He gave the general assessment of what happened, I didn't want to describe anything myself either way- it was just.. so..

..Gods.

"..So from what we gathered, sh-she... suffered peak corruption.. of sorts...but the reaction was far more violent than expected. Not natural at all." Six looked through the tablet, and he grimaced a tad bit, he and I weren't the best with blood or gore, but he powered

through more than I could, really.

But i'm head doctor now, I had to at least speak here. "I'm aware that the subjects do suffer specific reactions to reaching peak corruption- *'Tonic Disposition Responses'*- Each of their dispositions represent something- the melancholics bawl a lot- the phlegmatics all freeze up- the sanguines get a little too batty- a-and the cholerics get...very... irate."

"Well.. we're aware of that- Dr. Two.. i-it's just that for *Pencil-018?* She just-" Dr. Six grimaced and tightened his mouth, unsure how to describe the gruesome scene.

I swallowed my squeamishness.

"She became so filled with rage that she bludgeoned herself apart."

Dr. Six frowned.

"I... I-I don't know *how* she even managed to do that-"

"Her... adrenaline levels were actually high...*way* higher than they should have been. I think she was.. too mad to actually pass out, or-feel pain.. o-or even- " I realized. "..Her trachea was completely torn up from screaming that loud..."

"...She...she was *that* angry..?"

"I've.. seen anger outbursts. I really have." I looked down, thinking about.. times... but- "I-I've heard- *seen* subjects fully corrupt- but that wasn't- typical! Nothing about it was! Not even the past reports of the *OTHER* choleric responses were- like **this**!"

Mum then spoke out.

"We will do a scientific assessment on this situation later. Clearly the subjects' tonic responses are now far worse than they were in previous times, they barely even used that term for peak corruption events actually- but now we have more of a reason to be very concerned."

I curled my lip a bit.

"I... Did actually- manage to stabilize her.. She's in a coma and heavy pain serum but- sh-she's.. alive."

Though Dr. Six grimaced.

"....Should we even be *doing* that to her? I'm sorry- but... she is missing *MOST* of her brain. We're being cruel keeping her *alive* like ***THAT!***"

I felt a stab into my heart, thinking..

Killing them.. now...?

They- she literally just woke up.

Then I just euthanize her-

Like...Four?

But..

I-I can't murder...I..

I'm not-

No.

"No... *NO*. I'm not..going to kill her. no."

Dr. Six frowned, and the others glanced at each other. And Nine then spoke out.

"D-Dude- are you sure that's *ethical*!? I'm not saying we're going to brutally murder her like Four did- n-no! She's completely messed up over there! Can't we just- recover her back to normal!?"

I....

that should be ok but-

...

Wait-

N-No...

"I... wh-what if she- what if she wakes up in her tube- what if she starts tearing herself apart the moment she's resurrected?! I can't do that-"

"Two- but if she stays de-"

"NO MORE. I'M HEAD DOCTOR- I'M GOING TO HELP HER AS BEST AS I CAN."

I'm not a murderer.

No.

I'm not going to hurt people.

I won't.

I can't.. I can't- no, I won't be like Four.

I can't...

be like-

...

I'll just- inject her with some Mental Activator- a-as she's in a coma.

It should- w-work...yes? I need to- undo her peak corruption *first*- th-*then* euthanize and restore her.

Right?

It has to work...I'm.. responsible.

I.. we got this.

I am going to heal them- i'm not going to hurt them. I won't.

....

(3rd Person POV)

Bubble looked down nervously, she and the rest of the subjects had heard Pencil's carnal shriek, some heard the endless banging on the walls..

Some were confused- others weren't sure what happened.. *Was* that Pencil? that sounded... too.. inhuman.

Didn't sound like any object they heard.

The smarter ones like Golf Ball were immediately connecting dots to what happened, and she was already in talks with some zeros to try and keep things under control.

"Now- I tell you beings- me and a select few subjects were PROGRAMMED to be at odds with your superior's intellect- I URGE that you all tell Dr. Two to ALLOW us to access to more resources than we previously were allowed." GB spoke.

A zero.. well- the *particular* one, adjusted his hat awkwardly.

"Weren't you stealing a lot of stuff before?? I think ya'll are gonna be just fi-"

"WE NEED MORE RESOURCES SO WE CAN HELP OUR *FELLOW SUBJECTS*. ME, MY COMPLETELY PLATONIC HUSBAND AND MY VERY LITTLE VERY YOUNG SISTER ARE THE *ONLY* SCIENTIST-ADJACENT SUBJECTS IN THIS LAB! AND IT WOULD BE VERY VERY HELPFUL IF DR. TWO PERMITTED US TO DO MORE!!" GB barked out at the poor number... who jumped back and grimaced at her yelling. TB did rush over to pull her away by her scruff.. "Sorry- sorry- w-we're really sorry! Someone's gotten hurt- we need to help out!"

Bubble overheard....as most of the others were hiding in their chambers... doing their own things.

She along with her unfortunate friends were actually aware that

Pencil was missing.

"That- that roaring was so scary... b-but that was- where was-" Ruby was stammering, holding a large container of fruit juice, she stayed near Flower.. who was dozing off. "Where's Pencil??"

"I don't know... I don't think we should really worry about her." Book looked down, eating some kind of pome fruit.. as she held Ice Cube close to her, who silently listened to her heartbeat, clearly having been spooked by the roar and banging. "You should know how she is- always thinking about *herself* more than others."

"But Book... a-are you sure we should leave her alone? She's gone through a lot.. She uh... got skinned- and uh...trapped in a weird location for a long time-"

"Yeah yeah- but- Ruby- look." Book looked up at her more optimistic friend. "Pencil has a brother, she has a girlfriend, she will be fine. We don't need to overthink what she's going through. She has her own things- we only worry about ourselves, who we really care about- our families."

Book held Ice Cube close... and Ruby looked up, holding Flower's hand.. and glancing at the direction of Fries' personal chamber.

She should be ok... yeah? That roar was probably a weird monster- maybe one of those giant.. water fish things that they had in the old pool experiments?

Yeah..

Ruby was sure things would be ok- really! They had food, LOTS of new foods.. they were already getting brighter and stronger the more they ate! They should be fine.. and the doctors were so nice now!

Book on the other hand... well, she honestly didn't give a shit what happened to Pencil. Fuck that bitch. She hated her.

Bubble... well.. she was overhearing the doctors from another room.. she had been wondering the lab way more.. following the main colorful numbers more than the others- who were distracted by the new arrangements and supplies.

She and some others.. like well- her dearest Fanny.

Fanny stood near her.. and she flicked her plug on the ground, making a faint tapping with the end..

"..She's not ok." Fanny spoke bluntly towards Bubble, as she looked away, knowing very well that was the case. "If that's what the doctors said was true- I won't be surprised if they had to shove a breathing tube into her eye sockets from how badly her throat tore apart."

"And if the tonic response shit is getting worse- oh man... we better

be careful not to corrupt. I can't imagine what would happen had *Flower* had a response like *that*."

Bubble grimaced.

"Oi...Oi can't let Match know."

She looked over at her own chamber.. where Match carefully curled up in bed, trying to sleep, despite the violent roaring snapping her awake. Miraculously she had no idea it was Pencil- and she didn't know why she was not here.. yet..

She really shouldn't know.

-Jelly

[Crumbled Notes]

Log Date □□□□□□□□□□

Tonic Choleric Response:

Anger is a violent emotion. It is passion, too.

It is no surprise to me that the true Tonic Response related to the Choleric disposition would be so explosive, in more ways than one.

Onset of Tonic Choleric Response is first characterized by intense reddening of the eyes. Blood pools the vitreous body and cloud the vision, causing the object to see only in the hue of red. A small amount of yellow bile will also rapidly build up in the tear ducts, how this manifests is somewhat unknown. This same yellow bile may pool from the salivary glands as well, but is uncommon.

The cardiovascular system will go into complete overcharge, and tachycardia takes over the heart. The endocrine system also produces an enormous amount of epinephrine. The intensity of such a heartrate will result in multiple aneurysms, or the heart possibly shutting down after around 20 minutes. The intensity of hormonal imbalance will begin to damage the brain stem after around 30 minutes.

The object will mentally experience a deep, visceral rage that completely destroys all reason and all intelligence in their minds. More often than not the object will proceed to scream violently, and they will scream so

forcibly that the lungs will collapse or the trachea shatters.

Their deep rage, both psychological and physical, will always cause them to thrash and jerk around uncontrollably. The sudden bursts of energy and movement has resulted in some objects snapping their joints apart from the sheer force of their movements, and many have lost a lot of teeth and tongues from biting down too hard.

Depending on what triggered such rage in the object will heavily determine whether or not they will destroy either themselves, or others around them.

80% of all recorded Choleric responses have been self-destructive. 18% have been outwardly-destructive. Highest fatality rate of outwardly-destructive cases exceeded the hundreds before eventual death.

The intense influx of epinephrine is eventually fatal, but strangely seems to allow the object to ignore any and all pain. It is a myth that the response destroys pain receptors. The object can still feel pain, but will no longer respond nor care about it as they viciously burst out.

It seems this same hormonal imbalance is what gives them their incredible strength, enough to mow through over hundreds of people without opposition, or in the majority of cases- enough to be able to kill themselves with their own bare hands.

Choleric Response along with the Sanguine Response are the only two variants that can outwardly harm others.

Only number-grade life support machinery has been successful in ensuring the survival of those who undergo the response, however, quality of life and consciousness afterwards is completely null.

It's really that simple, you clutch glowing hot coals and attempt to hurl them at your adversaries.

really, most of what you do is burn your own flesh off.

sometimes, all you do is clutch the coals close, hoping they singe off the pain deep in your soul.

The fire burns bright. It crackles and it flails about.

All we will be left with, in the end, is ash.

- □□□□□□□□□□